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COUNTRY LIFE

OFFICES:
20, TAVISTOCK STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

VOL. LXXXII. No. 2136.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1937.

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Advertisements for this column are accepted AT THE RATE OF 2s. PER WORD prepaid (if Box Number used 6d. extra), and must reach this office not later than Friday morning for the coming week's issue.

All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "COUNTRY LIFE," Southampton Street, Strand, London.

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(continued.)

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COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN COUNTRY LIFE
AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

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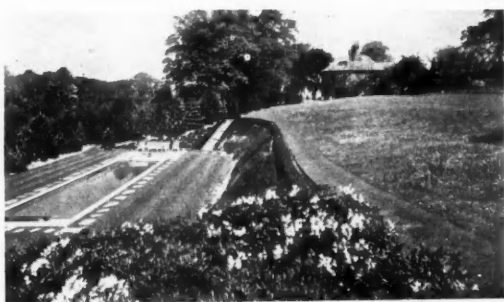
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(Knight, Frank & Rutley's advertisements continued on page iii.)



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About Two Hours West of London.

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ELIZABETHAN and JACOBEAN

LOVELY OLD JACOBEAN HOUSE

Well-placed for hunting in

OXFORDSHIRE

It contains about ten bedrooms, etc., and stands on light soil in finely-timbered, matured grounds; stabling and garage accommodation; excellent pastureland.

Capital Farmery. Cottages.

200 ACRES

Agents, Messrs. OSBORN & MERCER.

NORFOLK

AN ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

of mellowed brick, with ornamental gables and chimneys, and other features. Approached by a long drive, with Lodge, and containing Lounge Hall, four reception, **twelve bedrooms**, two bathrooms, etc.

Ample Outbuildings. Four Cottages.

PARK AND WOODS OF 160 ACRES
(16,690.)

QUEEN ANNE and EARLY GEORGIAN

Within easy drive of Main Line Station.

JUST OVER AN HOUR FROM TOWN
by express trains. **To be Sold**

A CAPITAL AND SPORTING ESTATE OF 800 ACRES

comprising several farms, woodland, etc.; affording good shooting.

Queen Anne House of about **sixteen bedrooms**, etc.; standing in parklike surroundings, approached by long carriage drives. Modern Conveniences. Cottages.

(C. 403.)

NEAR WILTSHIRE DOWNS

In an excellent sporting district, a few miles from a main line station.

EARLY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

facing South, approached by a long carriage drive, and containing about **fifteen bedrooms**, etc.

Stabling. Model Farmery.

FINELY TIMBERED PARK

and other lands; in all over

100 ACRES
(16,397.)

LATE GEORGIAN

£8,000 123 Acres

NORTHANTS

South Aspect. Good views. Approached by carriage drive.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE.

Four reception, twelve bedrooms, three bathrooms, Modern conveniences. Stabling. Pleasant Gardens.

FARMERY.

TWO COTTAGES. PARK AND WOODLANDS.

More land might be had up to
1,000 ACRES. (Ref. 16,608.)

SUFFOLK

Within easy reach of Bury St. Edmunds.

A Dignified Country House

typical of the late Georgian Period, well-placed, on gravel soil, facing South, approached by a long carriage drive.

Four reception (with parquet floors), nine bedrooms (some with lavatory basins), three bathrooms.

MAIN ELECTRICITY. CENTRAL HEATING.

Stabling, etc. Three cottages. Matured Old Grounds.

Parklands of 37 Acres

Early Sale Desired. Very reasonable terms.
(Fo. 16,164.)

20th CENTURY

High up with fine views.

HANTS

In a first-class sporting district.

AN UP-TO-DATE MODERN RESIDENCE

Three reception, seven bedrooms, bathroom, etc.

Main electricity. Central Heating.

Surrounded by Gardens and land of about

7½ ACRES

FOR SALE AT FAR BELOW COST

as property now too large for owner.

(M. 1,951.)

EXCEPTIONAL SITUATION WITH PANORAMIC VIEWS OVER SUSSEX DOWNS AND WEALD

An Hour from Town, and short drive from sea.

FINELY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE

Four reception, nine bedrooms, two bathrooms.

Labour-saving Offices. Main Electricity and Water, etc.

Usual Outbuildings.

GARDENS OF OUTSTANDING MERIT.

the subject of careful attention for many years.

FOR SALE WITH SEVEN ACRES.

(16,718.)

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

Telephone No.
Grosvenor 1553 (4 lines).

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

And at
Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,
West Halkin St., Belgrave Sq.,
12, Victoria Street,
Westminster, S.W.1.

PRICE REDUCED

35 miles south. Completely rural, yet accessible.



XVIIIth CENTURY HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER

In splendid order and ready for immediate occupation. Approached by two long drives, each guarded by Lodge. Eight bedrooms, four baths, three panelled reception rooms. Central heating, electric light, main water, modern drainage. LARGE GARAGE. THREE COTTAGES. MODEL FARMBUILDINGS.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD PLEASURE GROUNDS

Finely timbered and including HARD TENNIS COURT and SWIMMING POOL, pasture, woodlands and a little arable, in all about

175 ACRES

Confidently recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE and Sons, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (C. 1668.)

WANTED

ONE OF THE STately HOMES OF ENGLAND

situated within about 150 miles of London.

THE MANSION

which should be TUDOR, JACOBEOAN or ELIZABETHAN architecture, must contain ample accommodation for a FAMILY OF DISTINCTION with a large staff.

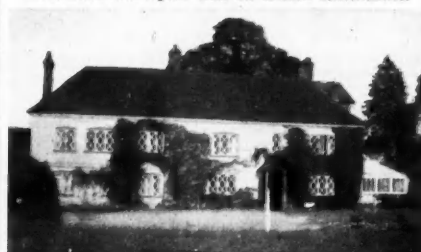
From fifty to sixty bedrooms, with proportionate number of bathrooms and a suite of reception rooms in keeping.

GOOD GROUNDS and amenities including PARK of a few Hundred Acres.

Replies should be addressed to "LADY C.," c/o GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

NEWBURY—BASINGSTOKE

Modernised and replete with all modern conveniences.



THIS CHARMING OLD-WORLD RESIDENCE

Retaining the atmosphere and features of the past and situate secluded amidst its own grounds and meadowland. Seven bed, two bath, three reception, servants' sitting room. Electric light, central heating.

GARAGE (3 cars).

COTTAGE.

PICTURESQUE GROUNDS

Tennis Court, Old Yew Hedges, Orchard and Paddocks (let at £28 p.a.), in all about

18½ ACRES

TO BE SOLD, OR HOUSE AND GROUNDS WILL BE LET

GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (A. 4643.)

SUSSEX, near HORSHAM

One hour's rail from Town.

£3,950 FOR HOUSE AND 20 ACRES

DELIGHTFUL LITTLE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY

With exceptionally well formed and most comfortable house affording:

EIGHT BED, THREE BATH AND FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS, ETC.



Electricity, excellent water, Co.'s services available.

GOOD LOOSE BOXES. GARAGE. COTTAGE.

EXTRAORDINARILY PRETTY GARDENS

Fine Old Trees. Coppice and Capital Paddocks. Bus service passes.

Agents, GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (D. 2387.)

3, MOUNT STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Telephones:
Grosvenor 1032-33-34.

BEAUTIFUL DORKING DISTRICT, WITH MAGNIFICENT VIEWS TO BOX HILL



A WELL-APPOINTED COUNTRY RESIDENCE

occupying fine position with wonderful views to Box Hill, Leith Hill and Glory Woods.

Eight principal bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, three secondary bedrooms, four reception rooms.

Main electric light and water.

Modern drains.
Company's gas available.
Complete central heating.

GARAGES.

STABLING.

ENTRANCE LODGE.



DELIGHTFUL GARDENS AND GROUNDS OF 3½ ACRES. FREEHOLD FOR SALE

Full details of Owner's Agents, RALPH PAY & TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

Telegrams:
TURLORAN, Audley,
London.

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127, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone:
Gros. 2338
(3 lines).

SUSSEX

HORSHAM A FEW MILES.



PICTURESQUE HOUSE with a FINE OLD TITHE BARN converted into reception room, with two other sitting rooms, seven bedrooms, two bathrooms. Electric light, etc.

OLD-WORLD GROUNDS

2½ ACRES.

£2,750.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.

SPORTING, RESIDENTIAL, AGRICULTURAL



750 ACRES OR 1,200 ACRES HANTS (400ft. above sea).—CHARMING OLD HOUSE in wooded surroundings. Twelve bedrooms (h. and c.), three bathrooms, four reception rooms, billiard room, schoolroom, servants' hall, etc. Central heating and electric light, etc. Lodge, Cottages. Fine old Grounds; outbuildings, paddocks. (Three Farms Let and producing £900 p.a.) FREEHOLD FOR SALE.

TURNER LORD & RANSOM, 127, Mount Street, London, W.1.

BERKS

HIGH UP—VIEWS TO THE HOGS BACK.



HUNTING WITH THE GARTH.

Reading 6 miles. Wokingham 2 miles.

£2,800 WITH 15 ACRES.—Three reception rooms, four bedrooms, bathroom, Offices. Electric light, central heating, Garage, etc. Lawns, kitchen garden, orchard, MEADOWLAND.

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Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)

CURTIS & HENSON

LONDON

Telegrams:
"Submit, London."

SUSSEX

Attractive Residence, beautifully placed on high ground.



ON A SOUTHERN SLOPE WITH VIEWS TOWARDS THE COAST (12 MILES DISTANT). DESIGNED TO GAIN ADVANTAGE OF THE SPLENDID POSITION. LOUNGE HALL, THREE RECEPTION ROOMS, BILLIARD ROOM WITH LIBRARY RECESS, SEVEN PRINCIPAL BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, BOUDOIR, DAY AND NIGHT NURSERIES, FOUR BATHROOMS, SERVANTS' ACCOMMODATION.

Central heating. Companies' Electricity and water.

HOME FARM AND BAILIFF'S LODGE. THREE COTTAGES. MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS, PARKLIKE PASTURELAND, in all about

80 ACRES.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Confidently recommended by CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

UNIQUE ESTATE IN NORTH WALES.—Amidst glorious scenery between Dolgelly and the sea, magnificently placed RESIDENCE, approached by two carriage drives, each with lodge at entrance. Lounge hall, four reception rooms, billiard room and winter garden, fifteen bedrooms, ten bathrooms. Electricity; central heating; refrigerator and vacuum cleaner plants. Excellent outbuildings with garage and stabling. Home farm, cottages and three staff bedrooms. Delightful Grounds designed to gain full advantage of their splendid position. Ornamental water; series of terraces, tennis lawn, etc. Beautiful woodland and hill land; in all about 318 ACRES. REDUCED PRICE TO ENSURE EARLY SALE.

BETWEEN READING AND GORING.—A delightful TUDOR HOUSE, standing about 400ft. above sea level. The House contains some fine timbering and has been carefully modernised. Two reception rooms and lounge. Ten bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms. Central heating; electric light; modern drainage. Garage; Tithe Barn. Attractive old-world Grounds, two tennis courts, kitchen garden. TO BE LET ON LEASE with 3-5 ACRES. (13,358.)

ON THE SPUR OF THE CHILTERN. (4 miles from Gerrard's Cross Station).—An Imposing Modern House, built in the black and white Tudor style, standing 300ft. up on gravel soil. Five reception rooms, fourteen bedrooms, four bathrooms. Co.'s electricity; central heating. Two garages, chauffeur's flat. Excellent Cottages; Stabling for eight. Beautiful pleasure grounds and pastureland, bounded by the River Misbourne. FOR SALE with 27 ACRES AT A REASONABLE FIGURE. (13,381.)

BETWEEN YEOVIL AND GLASTONBURY.—A little over three hours by rail from London. GEORGIAN HOUSE, situated in a small timbered park. Fifteen bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, five reception rooms. Main electric light, water and gas; central heating and telephone. Stabling; Garage and men's rooms. Gardener's Cottage. The GROUNDS are well-known for their great beauty, as they are most attractively disposed and screened by fine trees with woodland walks. Hard tennis court, tennis and croquet lawns, herbaceous borders. To be Let on Lease with 13 ACRES. Hunting with several Packs. Shooting. (8521.)

NEWMARKET ONE MILE.—Unique position overlooking famous Training Grounds.—Attractive RED-BRICK RESIDENCE, planned on two floors only, up-to-date, and in first-rate order. Lounge hall, three reception rooms, cloakroom, fourteen bed and dressing rooms, four bathrooms; winter garden. Compact domestic offices. Electric light. Companies' water. Central heating. Garage for four. Stabling with men's rooms over. Cottage. Delightful gardens with spreading lawns and tennis court, ornamental trees, flowering shrubs, beech plantation, and kitchen garden. In all just over SIX ACRES. (A feature of the property is the Squash court with bathroom adjoining.) (14,415.)

Further particulars of the above properties from Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

OVERLOOKING WILTSHIRE DOWNS NR. MARLBOROUGH

TWO HOURS RAIL. BEAUTIFUL VIEWS. MAIN LINE SERVICE.
Unique House of Georgian Character dating from 1756 A.D.

IN SPLENDID ORDER.

FIVE RECEPTION.
SIXTEEN BEDROOMS.
THREE BATHROOMS.
GARAGE AND STABLING.
FARMERY AND THREE COTTAGES.

Lighting, heating and water supply.

Grounds laid out by noted landscape gardener. Handsome timber, lakes and stream. Trout fishing, fine lawns, walled kitchen garden, rich grassland.

ABOUT 66 ACRES.

LOW PRICE CONSIDERED

Highly recommended from personal knowledge by CURTIS & HENSON. (14,150.)



IN LOVELY SOMERSET

CLOSE TO TAUNTON VALE POLO GROUNDS.

Interesting Old House, carefully modernised, and Estate of 110 Acres.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.
TEN BEDROOMS.
TWO BATHROOMS.
LOGGIA.

MAIN ELECTRICITY.
FITTED LAVATORY BASINS.
ABUNDANT WATER SUPPLY.

GARAGES. STABLING.
HARD TENNIS COURT.

Small Garden, easily enlarged.

SHOOTING.

HUNTING.

Two Cottages.

POLO.

GOLF.

Further particulars of CURTIS & HENSON. (15,234.)



IN THE FITZWILLIAM COUNTRY

TWO MILES FROM HUNTINGDON; 60 MILES FROM LONDON.

Mellowed, red-brick, Early Georgian House, on gravel soil.

THREE RECEPTION ROOMS.
SEVEN BEDROOMS.
TWO DRESSING ROOMS.
TWO BATHROOMS.

MAIN ELECTRICITY.
CENTRAL HEATING.
EXCELLENT STABLING AND GARAGE.
GARDENER'S COTTAGE.

The Gardens are attractively studded with ornamental trees and shrubs, and a feature of the property is a small 18-hole Golf Course.



JUST IN THE MARKET FOR SALE

GOLF.

HUNTING.

SHOOTING.

Further particulars from CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1. (5036.)

14, MOUNT STREET,
GROSVENOR SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

WILSON & CO.

Telephone:
Grosvenor 1441 (three lines).

CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS AND AUCTIONEERS

A VERY LOVELY PERIOD HOUSE OF THE XVIIth CENTURY



SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS

Containing a wealth of old oak and very fine panelling. Glorious position with long drive. Nine bedrooms, four bathrooms, three reception rooms, fine dance and music room.

Main water. Electric light. Radiators throughout.
THREE COTTAGES. GARAGES.

GRANDLY TIMBERED GROUNDS AND PARK, intersected by a stream.
Hard tennis court. Swimming pool. Home Farm with model buildings.

FOR SALE WITH 175 ACRES

Owner's Agents, WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

SUPERB EXAMPLE OF THE XVth CENTURY IN WONDERFUL PRESERVATION



50 MINUTES LONDON, G.W.Ry.

A Period House with very fine galleried hall, original oak panelling and staircase. Nine bedrooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms.

Main electric light and water. Central heating.
FOUR COTTAGES. GARAGES.

Farmery and magnificent old tithe barn.

OLD-WORLD GARDENS, with ornamental water and hard tennis court.

**SET WITHIN ITS OWN ESTATE OF 115 ACRES
OR £7,000 WITH 20 ACRES**

Inspected and recommended by WILSON & Co., 14, Mount Street, W.1.

Telephone:
Regent 0911 (3 lines)

JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

44, ST. JAMES'S PLACE, S.W.1

ALSO AT RUGBY, OXFORD, BIRMINGHAM, & CHIPPING NORTON.

Telephone:
Regent 0911 (3 lines)

FIRST TIME IN THE MARKET FOR OVER 80 YEARS

BY THE DIRECTION OF MAJOR AND MRS. R. H. B. HUMPHREYS.

SIDMOUTH, DEVON

Under one mile from the town and station.

THE IMPORTANT FREEHOLD ESTATE

known as

SIDCLIFFE

comprising an old-fashioned medium-sized RESIDENCE of about nine bedrooms and three bathrooms, having modern conveniences. Situated in its own well-timbered Park of about 22 ACRES and including the

PRIVATE FISHING FROM BOTH BANKS OF THE RIVER SID



together with Farmhouse, three cottages and a total area of about

70 ACRES

(WOULD BE SOLD WITH 22 ACRES.)

The property will be offered for Sale as a whole or in three lots at the York Hotel, Sidmouth, at 3 p.m. on THURSDAY, JANUARY 27th, 1938 (unless previously sold by private treaty).

Illustrated particulars with plan and conditions of sale may be had of the Auctioneers, JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, London, S.W.1.

Solicitors: Messrs. THOMAS, MOSSOP & MOSSOP, 7, Broad Street, Ottery St. Mary; and at Sidmouth.

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THE ONLY COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED REGISTER

Price 2/6.

SELECTED LISTS FREE.

RIPPON, BOSWELL & CO., F.A.I.,
(Est. 1884.) EXETER.

BUCKS (Chilterns. Near Tring, 1 hour London).— Picturesque Old-World COTTAGE-RESIDENCE. Ten rooms, two bathrooms, two kitchens, constant hot water, electric light. Garage, garden, orchard. 3 ACRES. £2,100. —“ A. 149,” c/o COUNTRY LIFE Offices, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

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Business Established over 100 years.

NEWBURY & DISTRICT.—ESTATE AGENTS.
DREWETT, WATSON & BARTON
(ESTAB. 1759.) (Tele. 1.)

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WILTS AND BORDERING COUNTIES.
APPLY ROBERT THAKE, F.S.I.,
ESTATE OFFICES (TELEPHONE 2227) SALISBURY.

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Grosvenor 2252
(6 lines)
After Office hours
Livingstone 1066

CONSTABLE & MAUDE

COUNTRY PROPERTIES. TOWN HOUSES AND FLATS. INVESTMENTS.

2, MOUNT STREET, LONDON, W.1 (And at Shrewsbury)

IN THE WHADDON CHASE

and convenient for Meets of
THE BICESTER AND OLD BERKELEY



Very beautifully situated, the RESIDENCE, approached by avenue drive: Billiard and four reception, three bath, ten principal and seven servants' bedrooms, Main Services. Central heating. Constant hot water. Telephone. Electric passenger lift.

Ample Stabling and Garage accommodation.

SMALLER RESIDENCE. BAILIFF'S HOUSE. LODGE. SIX COTTAGES.

Grandly timbered Pleasure Grounds and Park of about

100 ACRES **FOR SALE.**

CONSTABLE & MAUDE, 2, Mount Street, W.1.

SHROPSHIRE. TWO MILES OF FISHING

LOVELY OLD JACOBAN HOUSE

Fitted with every modern luxury in a wonderful position.



Oak panelled lounge, panelled dining room, study, fourteen bedrooms, four bathrooms.

Central heating. Electricity. Fitted laundry basin.

GARAGES. STABLING. COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS

18 ACRES **FOR SALE AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICE**

Sole Agents, CONSTABLE & MAUDE, Shrewsbury. (Phone: 2891.)

Telegrams:
"Wood, Agents, Wesdo,
London."

JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23, BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telephone No.:
Mayfair 6341 (10 lines).

SOMERSET

WITHIN 5 MILES OF A STATION. ONLY AN HOUR'S RUN BY CAR FROM BATH. BUS SERVICE PASSES PROPERTY.
LOVELY VIEWS OF THE QUANTOCKS.

THIS LOVELY CHARLES I HOUSE

with Georgian additions, in splendid order, and approached by a long carriage drive with

LODGE,
SEVENTEEN BEDROOMS,
FIVE BATHROOMS
AND
FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS.

Central heating.
Main electric light and water.
New drainage. Soil gravelly.



Full particulars of JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (71,698.)

GARAGE (for four cars) and ample STABLING.

Laundry and two good Cottages.

Beautiful GROUNDS, with fine old forest trees, stream and fish-ponds and parkland; in all about

36 ACRES

Hunting with the Quantock, Stag, Devon and Somerset, Taunton Vale and West Somerset.

CONVENIENT FOR GOLF.

PRICE ONLY £6,000

NEAR THE SOUTH DOWNS AND WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE SEA

3 MILES FROM LEWES STATION. EXCELLENT TRAIN SERVICE. LONDON 60 MINUTES. BRIGHTON 11 MILES. EASTBOURNE 16 MILES.

The original Residence dates from Queen Anne Period and has been completely restored in Georgian style, but retaining the dignity and tradition of the property.

FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS,
SEVEN PRINCIPAL AND SIX
SECONDARY BEDROOMS,
FIVE BATHROOMS.

All reception rooms and five principal bedrooms are panelled in natural unstained oak.



TO BE LET UNFURNISHED ON LEASE

Further particulars from the Agents: Messrs. POWELL & Co., Estate Offices, Lewes, Sussex; JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1 (31,897.)

Central heating throughout.
All main services connected.

DOUBLE GARAGE (with modern five-roomed flat over).

ATTRACTIVE OLD-WORLD
GARDENS
inexpensive of upkeep.

Meadows adjoining make an inclusive area of

ABOUT 17 ACRES

The Property is situated on part of a large Sussex Estate.

HEART OF EXMOOR

CHOICE LITTLE SPORTING PROPERTY.

ABOUT 387 ACRES.

HALF-A-MILE OF FISHING.

ROUGH SHOOTING.

HUNTING WITH STAGHOUNDS, FOX-
HOUNDS AND HARRIERS.

DUNSTER POLO GROUND NINE
MILES.

FOR SALE AT A LOW
PRICE.

FREEHOLD



Agents, JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1.

MODERNISED FARMHOUSE

standing about 1,000 ft. above sea level with superb views.

HALL,

TWO RECEPTION,
SEVEN BEDROOMS,
TWO BATHROOMS.

Electric light. Spring water.

TWO COTTAGES.

INCOME FROM LETTINGS
£120 PER ANNUM

KING'S LANGLEY, HERTS

ADJOINING THE COMMON, WITH PRIVATE ENTRANCE THERETO.
EXCEPTIONALLY WELL-BUILT HOUSE



4½ ACRES

FOR SALE AS A WHOLE, OR WITH A SMALLER AREA.

Strongly recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & Co., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (41,623.)

In first-rate order.
Well shrubbed carriage drive.

Nine bed, two bath, billiard and three reception rooms.
Stabling; garage.

Main electric light, gas, water and drainage.

Gravel soil.

TWO MODERN COTTAGES.

Beautifully timbered grounds, two tennis lawns, orchard and pasture about

MORCOTT HALL

FOUR DAYS A WEEK HUNTING WITH THE COTTESMORE AND FERNIE.

Four miles from Manton Station.

CHARMING GEORGIAN HOUSE

WITH PERIOD DECORATIONS,
CONTAINING EIGHT BEST BEDROOMS, TWO BATH AND FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS.

Electric light and central heating.

FIFTEEN LOOSE BOXES. GARAGE, ETC.

TO BE SOLD or LET at a reasonable figure with up to 640 ACRES of good mixed farmland affording rough shooting or with a smaller area.

GOOD GOLF LINKS NEARBY.

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'Phone: Grosvenor 2861.
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TRESIDDER & CO.

77, SOUTH AUDLEY STREET, W.1.

ONLY £3,900 17 ACRES
COTSWOLDS 400ft. above sea level, lovely
outlook, secluded.
LOVELY GEORGIAN RESIDENCE
in excellent order.
Hall, 4 reception, bathroom, 10 or 11 bed and dressing
rooms. *Main water, electricity and gas.*
GARAGES. STABLING. 4 COTTAGES.
Beautifully timbered grounds, good kitchen garden and
rich pasture.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (17,448.)

25 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON
700ft. up on the hills, wonderful views.
RESIDENCE IN PARK
Hall, billiard room, 4 reception, 3 bathrooms, 8 principal
bed, 5 staff bedrooms, nurseries.
Electric light. Main water. Central heating.
Garage for 3. Stabling. Lodge. 3 or 9 Cottages.
Farmhouse. Farmbuildings.
BEAUTIFULLY TIMBERED GROUNDS.
Orchard, rich pasture, some arable, and well placed
woodlands.
£5,500 WITH 50 ACRES.
£14,000 WITH 400 ACRES.
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TO LET FOR WINTER OR LONGER
EAST SUSSEX
DELIGHTFUL WELL-FURNISHED
RESIDENCE
South aspect; sandy soil.
3 reception, bathroom, 6 bed and dressing rooms. Also
3-roomed bungalow.
Main water and electricity. Double garage.
Well stocked vegetable and fruit gardens, tennis court, etc.
2 ACRES.
Stabling and grazing can be arranged.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,353.)

BARGAIN PRICE
LOVELY FARNHAM DISTRICT
Secluded, not isolated; high up, on gravel.
CHARMING COTTAGE RESIDENCE
Hall, 3 reception, bathroom, 6 bed and dressing rooms
(basins, h. and c.). *Main services. Radiators. Excellent*
order. **DELIGHTFUL GARDENS.**
HARD TENNIS COURT. GARAGE.
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FOR CLUB, SCHOOL OR HOTEL
SURREY (37 minutes' rail.)
STATELY COUNTRY MANSION
About 30 bedrooms, 10 bathrooms, handsome suite of
reception rooms. *Company's water, electric light. Central*
heating, etc.
LAKE. GYMNASIUM. HARD TENNIS COURT.
Garages; cottages and outbuildings. Excellent order
everywhere.
20 ACRES. (more available.)
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (18,521.)
MODERATE PRICE 38 ACRES
BEAUTIFUL DEVON *First-class sport-*
ing district,
between Hatherleigh and Okehampton, 400ft. up. Lovely views.
COMFORTABLE STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE
In excellent order. Main electricity.
3 or 4 reception, 2 bathrooms, 7 or 8 bedrooms. Garages;
stabling for 8.
WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS, orchard, good pasture
and woodland.
TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (7035.)

F. L. MERCER & CO.

SPECIALISTS IN THE DISPOSAL OF COUNTRY ESTATES AND HOUSES
SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1.

Telephone: REGENT 2481.

IN A SITUATION DIFFICULT TO EQUAL

800FT. UP ON THE MALVERN HILLS, WITH PANORAMIC VIEWS FOR
25 MILES EMBRACING SEVEN COUNTIES

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE BORDERS.
ENJOYING PERFECT SECLUSION, BUT NOT ISOLATED. IN A NOTEDLY BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT
WITH SPLENDID SOCIAL AND SPORTING AMENITIES.

FINE STONE-BUILT AND TILED RESIDENCE
with long drive approach. Four reception rooms, billiards room, seven bedrooms, two bathrooms.
Electric light. Central heating, etc.
STABLING. GARAGE. TWO COTTAGES. SMALL FARMERY.
DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS. RICH PASTURE AND WOODLAND.
A MOST ATTRACTIVE MINIATURE ESTATE OF 32 ACRES
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QUIET AND SECLUDED POSITION. 15 MILES NORTH OF LONDON. GRAVEL SOIL.

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THIS LUXURIOUS MODERN RESIDENCE

Embracing all that is demanded to-day in modern
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LOUNGE HALL.
TWO RECEPTION.
BILLIARDS ROOM.
LOGGIA.
SIX BEDROOMS, THREE BATHROOMS.
Central heating, Company's electric light, gas and water.
Main drainage.
BRICK-BUILT GARAGE
(for 2 cars) with Two Rooms over.
EXQUISITE GARDENS
with private gateway to the Links (7th Green).
Choice flowering and evergreen shrubs, rose garden.
In all about

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WELL CONSTRUCTED PRE-
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Fishing; arable and pasture land, in all some 150 ACRES.

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WONDERFUL HOUSE IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER AND 10 ACRES. £4,950 FREEHOLD



MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE

400ft. above sea level, on light soil, commanding good views.

Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8-10 bed and dressing, billiard room (if required), 4 bath, loggia, offices.

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£3,500 ONLY FOR THIS CHARACTER HOUSE AND 9 ACRES

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BETWEEN BASINGSTOKE AND FARNHAM



Beautiful situation with open views. One mile station and convenient for bus routes.

Entrance hall, 3 reception, 7 bed and dressing, 3 bath, offices with servants' hall; modernised throughout within the last few years.

COTTAGE. DOUBLE GARAGE. FARMERY. OUTBUILDINGS.

Own electric light and water. Co.'s supplies available. Modern drainage.

MATURED INEXPENSIVE GARDENS.

Valuable pasture.

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Picked position in favourite residential district. Within easy daily reach of Town.

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Lounge hall, 3 reception, 7 bed, bathroom.

All main services.

GARAGE (with chauffeur's room).

ENTIRELY SECLUDED GARDENS with tennis lawn.

IN ALL ABOUT ¾ ACRE



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FINE SITUATION WITH OPEN VIEWS OF THE DOWNS
£2,000 WILL BE ACCEPTED FOR QUICK SALE

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Hall, 3 reception, 5 bed, bathroom, offices.

Co.'s water. Silverite gas. Main electricity available. Modern sanitation.

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Outbuildings.

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c.14.

A GENUINE BARGAIN AT £4,200

DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Entrance hall, cloakroom, 4 reception, 6 principal bed and dressing, servants' room, 2 bathrooms, and compact offices.

Co.'s electric light, power and water laid on. Gas available. Main drainage. Central heating. Constant hot water.

TWO GARAGES AND OUTBUILDINGS.

EXCEPTIONALLY PRETTY GARDENS including tennis lawn and badminton court.

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5 miles from Chichester. 13 miles from Southsea.
Commanding extensive views.

FOR SALE

THIS WELL CONSTRUCTED
SMALL FREEHOLD RESIDENCE
standing in Grounds of about
ONE ACRE



Four bedrooms, bathroom, three sitting rooms,
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Main Water and Electric Light.

GARAGE and Workshops.

Two Greenhouses. Lawns and flower gardens.
EXCELLENT SOIL FOR FRUIT GROWING.

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16 miles from London, 4 miles from Station.

TO BE SOLD

THIS CHARMING
OLD WORLD RESIDENCE
reputed to be over 300 years old, containing many interest-
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Six bedrooms, bathroom, three reception rooms (two of which have beamed ceilings and old brick fireplaces), kitchen with "Esse" cooker and "Ideal" boiler.

Main Water and Electric Light. Central Heating.

FIVE-ROOMED COTTAGE.

Stabling. Granary. Heated Greenhouse.

Well timbered Grounds laid out with lawns, flower beds, rock garden, old yew hedge, orchard, paddock, etc., in all about

8 ACRES

Price and particulars of Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

SUSSEX

Close to Cooden Beach Station with fast trains to London in under Two Hours.

Full South aspect. Overlooking Golf Links.

VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE

in perfect condition throughout.

Seven bedrooms (all with running hot and cold water), two bathrooms, entrance hall, drawing room, dining room, garden room, maids' sitting room, excellent kitchen and offices.

GARAGE. Electric Light and Power. Summer House. Excellent Garden with lawns, shrubs, rock garden, in all about

Three-quarters of an Acre

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In one of the prettiest parts of the Exe Valley.
Situated on the Banks of the River Exe.

A XVIIth CENTURY COTTAGE RESIDENCE

recently modernised at considerable expense



Four bedrooms, bathroom, three sitting rooms,
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Electric Light and Heating.

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Three-quarters of a Mile of Fishing can be Rented.

GARDENS OF OVER HALF-AN-ACRE.

Hunting with several Packs.

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OVERLOOKING NATIONAL TRUST LAND.

Situated 800ft. up with Glorious Views.

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the above very attractive and soundly constructed
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Six principal bed and dressing rooms, four good attic rooms' boxroom, bathroom, billiard or drawing room, three sitting rooms, servants' hall, good domestic offices.

GARAGE (for two cars). Chauffeur's Rooms.
Brick-built Garden Pavilion.

Main Water. Electric Light.

Delightful Gardens and Grounds with well-kept lawns, tennis and croquet lawns, vegetable and fruit gardens, etc., the whole extending to an area of about

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Close to 'Bus Route and Golf Links.

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A GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

with South aspect and commanding magnificent sea views.

Nine bedrooms, two dressing rooms, bathroom, three reception rooms, servants' hall, butler's room, good offices.

Electric Light, Gas.

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Situated 1 mile from Station, 7 miles from Tunbridge Wells.
South aspect. Good views.

FEW MINUTES FROM ASHDOWN FOREST.

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THIS DELIGHTFUL LITTLE
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in good order throughout.



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All Main Services.

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4 miles main line Junction. 30 miles from London.

A MEDIUM SIZED

ATTRACTIVE AND COMFORTABLE COUNTRY HOME



Seven bedrooms, bathroom, three reception rooms,
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GARAGE.

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All Public Services.

CHARMING WELL-TIMBERED GROUNDS,
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7½ ACRES

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NORTH CORNISH COAST.

With magnificent sea views.

THE ONLY

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VERY SUITABLE FOR A GUEST HOUSE.

Unique Residence with all modern conveniences and public services.

TEN ROOMS.

TWO ACRES OF LAND.

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GLORIOUSLY SITUATED IN SUSSEX

A WONDERFULLY-BUILT MODERN RESIDENCE IN EXCELLENT CONDITION

Seven to nine bedrooms, two bathrooms, three reception rooms,
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GARAGE. COTTAGE. Main electric light and water.

Solid oak doors and floors. Luxuriously appointed.

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6½ ACRES IN ALL. AT BARGAIN FIGURE

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Nine bedrooms, four bathrooms, four reception rooms.
Every modern fitting. Excellent condition. PRETTY LODGE. CENTRAL HEATING.
GARAGES GREENHOUSES FINE APPROACH
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IN EXCELLENT CONDITION THROUGHOUT
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STONE-BUILT HOUSE

with exceptionally large rooms.

FOUR RECEPTION.

NINE BEDROOMS

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IN THE VERY FINEST POSITION ADJOINING THE
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"KIONA," in secluded grounds of about 5 ACRES.
Three reception, fine music or billiards room, seven bed-
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Main services.

ENTRANCE DRIVE AND LODGE, GARAGE,
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Also paddocks of 12 Acres, comprising the best building
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FOR SALE by AUCTION on JANUARY 26TH, 1938, on
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A BEAUTIFUL OLD MILL HOUSE

Possessing a long frontage to the River Bourne.



KENT (30 miles south of London).—This XVTH CENTURY MILL HOUSE, restored and modernised. 6 Bedrooms (3 with lavatory basins); 3 Bathrooms; 3 Reception Rooms. Garage; stabling, barn, etc.

Company's Water and Electricity.

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ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE on the outskirts of Oxted. Large Hall, Cloakroom, 3 Reception Rooms, sunny Loggia, 4 Bedrooms, Bathroom and good Offices. All main services. Brick and tiled Garage.

BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF 1½ ACRES.

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MODERATE PRICE FREEHOLD

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PERFECTLY APPOINTED COUNTRY RESIDENCE in UNIQUE SITUATION

Formerly the Dover House to a famous Surrey Estate.



In excellent order throughout and affording all conceivable modern conveniences.

REIGATE.—Unassailable quiet position surrounded by beautiful countryside; 2½ miles London; few minutes shops and electric trains. Impressive old RESIDENCE, away from traffic. 8 Bedrooms, 2 Bathrooms, 3 Reception Rooms, Lounge Hall. Complete domestic offices. All main services. Central Heating. Heated Garage. New Greenhouse. Old matured, well-timbered Garden; tennis lawn.

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FOUR RECEPTION ROOMS, TWELVE BED AND DRESSING ROOMS, Etc.

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Excellent range of fifteen Loose Boxes; Garaging. Delightful Grounds, and sound Pastureland, the whole being well timbered; Plantations, and Avenue Drive.

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MODERN RESIDENCE

Three reception, five bed (h. and c. basins), two bath, excellent domestic offices, verandah. Large garage.

Central heating. All services. Good garden.

ADJOINING LINKS. FINE VIEWS.

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WEST SUSSEX—BY THE SEA

2,000 GNS. A SMALL PERIOD FARM-HOUSE, restored and modernised and in first-class condition throughout. Situate in quiet lane, a few minutes' walk from picturesque Harbour and Old-World Hamlet. Five bedrooms, bathroom, three reception, usual offices. Main water and electricity. Old-World walled Garden and Paddock, in 1½ ACRES. (Further land available if required.)

REDUCED FROM 2,350 GUINEAS

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700 ACRES

FOR INVESTMENT OR SPECULATION
A FIRST-CLASS RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE, comprising a medium-sized picturesque MANOR HOUSE, in perfect order; also Dover House, Lodge, small Hamlet. Good pasture, woodland, shooting, fishing, etc. A SACRIFICE.

Re the Lady Gertrude Crawford, Decd.

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(Oldest established) **SHERWOODS** (Phone 2255.)

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FINE GEORGIAN WITH ADAMS FEATURES.—Lounge hall, four reception, twelve bedrooms (fitted basins), three baths. Central heating. Main services. Garage (four cars). Stabling. Three Cottages. Lovely old gardens. Grounds and park-like paddocks.

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PICTURESQUE UNSPOILED DISTRICT. Charming RESIDENCE with all modern requirements, approached by charming avenue drive. Four fine reception, ten bed, two bathrooms. Electric light. Picturesque gardens. Park with lake. Model farm-buildings and cottages. Excellent Shooting. Specially recommended. **FREEHOLD ONLY £8,000.**

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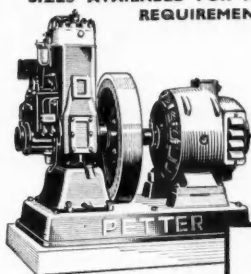
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"TEACH THE BOYS——"

THE holiday season is upon us, and many have now to turn schoolmasters for a time. Sometimes it is a cub relation, more often it is a friend who comes up at the meet or a check and says: "I have my sister's boy Peter staying for a fortnight over Christmas. He is awfully keen on shooting, but, of course, he is very young. Could you let him come round with you and—you know, teach him a bit? We could fetch him in the car—that is, if it wouldn't be a nuisance!"

One feels that seeing the last of Peter might be a bit of a relief; but, when all is said and done, someone has to teach the new generations, and we most of us carry memories of our early days in our minds: clear-cut impressions never to be erased.

Old dogs find puppies a nuisance, but they teach them how to hunt; and I think that it is our duty to look after the new sporting entry. It is a rather tiresome duty and not wholly devoid of peril, but—it's jolly good fun.

The trouble is that you do not really know, till "Peter" arrives, what kind of a boy he is. He may be a husky five-foot-four or a slender four-foot-five. The "gun" which his aunt proudly alluded to may be an air rifle or a 12-bore. I keep a double .410 for these emergencies, and, when faced with triplets—Peter, Paul, and Luke—I bound their arms with horse bandages and gave them 12-bores from the gun cupboard.

A team of boys increases the danger to all concerned. It is not a matter of arithmetical or geometrical proportion at all; it is one of those affairs of inverse squares, or something.

There are two real rules: first, iron discipline; secondly, perfectly clear explanation and demonstration.

I confess that I do not believe in boys being sent out with the groom or the gardener or the keeper. They do not get quite the proper education, for these people are all pretty casual with firearms, and do not "shoot in company."

It is not "snobbishness" that makes me condemn the practice, but I think that boys ought to be taught, whenever possible, by older men of their own standing. A town-bred boy has only a short space of holiday in the country, but when he grows up and goes to Sandhurst or the University his horizon increases. He may shoot at home or he may go abroad, but wherever his fates fall he will probably have to shoot as one of a party. Proper manners and safeguards are an essential part of his education as a shot.

Most boys have no idea what a gun can do. They have no real conception of the danger in their hands, and the best way is to demonstrate it. A close-range shot at a few old boxes shows the terrible power of a gun. It is a basic sort of lesson. I am a great believer in it as a preliminary demonstration.

Then comes loading and unloading and the correct position of the gun so that it cannot possibly endanger others. That, too, is a basic lesson, and I think that most of us shooting people think the more of a boy who may walk with impressive concentration on keeping his gun safe than we do of careless lads who "know it all." I know very

well that when I see a youngster purposefully concentrated on "correct behaviour," carrying his gun safely, unloading at gaps and hedges, I always think he is the right sort, properly taught and sensible. The kind of a boy one "asks" for an odd day, or ferreting, or anything that's going.

The most difficult thing is to teach a boy who has been started on rabbits by the groom or the keeper, that he must *not* shoot at anything which he cannot identify. It is all too easy to confuse dogs and ground game, and even beaters sometimes get into the bag.

The rule is, never to shoot unless you see your quarry quite clearly and know where everybody else is. Boys have to be taught to realise that they *must* know where adjoining guns are, where beaters are, and that it is far better not to fire at anything on the ground whenever there is the least potential doubt.

It is not necessary to have real game when teaching boys. Their holiday time is short, and one can put in a good afternoon's drill on "omnium gathrum"—pigeon, jays, anything that will help to master the swinging shot.

The first appearance of a boy in the real shooting-field is an occasion for tolerance and optimism by the rest of the party. But if we put up two long hazel wands like the protecting sticks on a grouse butt it saves a good deal of pious doubt. It is a preventative against firing down the line, and a boy with a small-bore ten yards nearer the cover than the line, and backed by an adult gunner is likely to have a jolly good time at some cartridge expenditure and do no harm to anyone.

Theoretically, the young are dangerous; properly handled, with explanation, precept and encouragement (and you always keep *behind*, not beside, them), they are fairly safe. The accidents happen not from boys, but from older men who are not sure of their eyesight—not so quick in the up-take. After all, we all know "dear old Colonel Z," and how advancing age has made him the most dangerous shooting neighbour. I think that with age one retreats into youth, and it is probable that Colonel Z is just again a very badly instructed boy.

Our job is to teach boys care, caution, and the elements of "shooting in company." A good eye for a ball is not always a good shooting eye, but one can encourage boys to shoot and get into it; they will begin to hit sooner or later, and one can help them a bit by turning and saying "Now!"—for they misjudge range terribly; but the main point is to teach them those shooting manners which make them safe in company. It is a job, but it has its reward.

There are few lovelier things than the delight of a boy in his first shooting, and, though we have to be sergeant-majors about gun manners, we catch some echo of that splendid radiance which comes from the first successful shooting. Once we, too, were of that age when a day-dream of sport carried our minds far out of the classroom. I think that all honest shooting men should do the best they can to give the younger generation as much sport—and teaching—as they can. We are rather inclined to think on grown-up lines, but "a little shooting" is a lovely gift to youth and well worth a little sacrifice in their short holidays. After all, our elders did it for us. H. B. C. P.

SOLUTION to No. 412

The clues for this appeared in December 18th issue.

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R V O B I E M W
I X I O N E N N E R D A L E
O E R N C E T L
R O W D Y T R E A D M I L L

ACROSS.

5. Herschel's discovery
8. "A stingy C.S.M." (anagr.)
9. Not always a sufficient reason
10. Jack's tracks
13. Stood opposite
16. When this churchman gets confused he says he's a Latin father
17. A scavenger
18. "It is a nipping and an — air."—*Shakespeare*
19. A sign of spring
20. A hair-cut for a shilling
21. Does it follow on horseback?
22. Is this theatre given a poetic licence?
23. Where an English queen died
25. Is hot to lift
28. "Met in turns" (anagr.)
31. Hasten into a city
32. "Glory and — have passed away."—*Keats*
33. Longing.

DOWN.

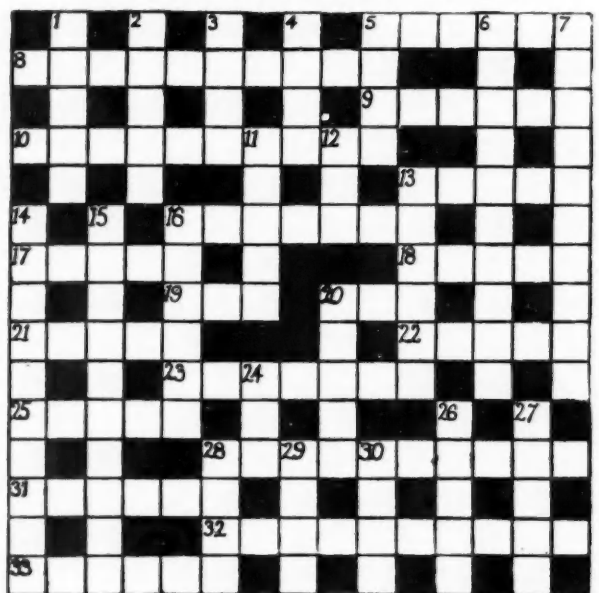
1. The pilgrim of eternity
2. Anyone in the race
3. Emperor of arts?
4. Fail to spot. Whom? The lady, of course
5. Takes advantage of customs
6. Eastern dancer (two words, 6, 4)
7. The reckless driver's notion of a road (two words, 5, 5)
11. Incurred by the unpopular
12. Is it possible to make a meal from this drink?
13. Without strength or character
14. Resting place
15. They should give good vision
16. His conversation is not original
20. The Carlist wears a red one
24. Not even a Scotsman can scale this summit at Westminster
26. A patch to put it right?
27. Show anger in having to sign a sheet
28. Is the French for a land like ours
29. Except for the river
30. A book in scroll form.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 413

A prize of books to the value of 3 guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 413, COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Tuesday, December 28th, 1937.** Readers in Scotland are precluded under the Scottish Acts from participation in this competition.

The winner of Crossword No. 412 is
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Uplands, Swansea.

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 413.



Name

Address

CRUFT'S KENNEL NOTES

THE schedule of Mr. Cruft's February show that will be issued on January 8th will contain no fewer than 1,400 classes, and challenge certificates will be offered for all breeds. This is a very comprehensive programme, the classification being on a most generous scale, and so adjusted that all dogs have a chance of meeting exhibits of their own standing. Those who have never shown before will find that many of the classes are for dogs that have not previously won a first prize, and so on in varying degrees until those are reached that are open to any. A good many exhibitors miss chances by restricting their entries to one or two classes when they might have been successful in several others. In most breeds there will be classes confined to members of Cruft's Dog Show Society, and the second day will have variety classes with similar restrictions. Innumerable specials also are offered for competition among members.

The following clubs are guaranteeing classes confined to their members: Labrador Retriever Club, Cocker Spaniel Club, Gamekeepers' Association, the Chinese Chow Club, Old English Sheepdog Club, London and Provincial Collie Club, British Dalmatian Club, West Highland White Terrier Club, International Kerry Blue Terrier Club, Southern Counties Papillon Club, South of England Pomeranian Club, Northern King Charles Spaniel Club, and the West of England Ladies' Kennel Society. The catalogue of the show will be illustrated throughout, as usual, with well known prize-winners in each breed, and will contain elucidatory particulars as well, so that visitors will find it a valuable guide to the points of the breeds they are studying, and incidentally, it will help them to appraise the worth of their own home pets.

Mrs. Phil Gray of Woodlands, Buckland, Surrey, is one of the most enterprising of our exhibitors. As Miss Thelma Evans, in her unmarried days, she had made a reputation for her kennels of Alsations first, and then the Pembroke variety of Welsh corgis, two of which she sold to His Majesty, and by so doing rendered valuable service to the breed. Of course, she is a member of Cruft's Dog Show Society. More recently she has taken up Rottweilers, a German breed that has many features of interest. Their principal claim is their high intelligence, their equable temperaments, their great strength within moderate compass, and their qualities as guards. Although they have only been in the country eighteen months, and in spite of the difficulties imposed by the quarantine regulations, one can identify at least thirty-six specimens.

Mrs. Gray has been very careful about the quality of the stock that she has imported, so that we are confident she has the correct type from strains that are likely to breed good

ones. They should be a profitable proposition, as they have large litters. The smallest born in England so far was seven, and the largest thirteen. Others have contained nine, eleven and twelve puppies. They are a hardy, honest breed, easy to rear, and the bitches make good mothers. It is claimed in Germany that they are more or less immune to distemper, which speaks highly for their constitutions and is a tremendous recommendation. They give one the impression of being outdoor dogs, sturdy, and not likely to suffer from constitutional complaints of any sort.

Mrs. Gray's imported bitch illustrated



THE ROTTWEILER BITCH, ROZAVEL ASTA VON NORDEN, THE PROPERTY OF MRS. PHIL GRAY

to-day, Rozavel Asta von Norden by name, has bred winners in Germany and England, and is herself a first-prize winner. Another inmate of these kennels is Int. Ch. Rozavel Vefa von Kohlerwald, Zpr., which has been mated to the winning dog, Rozavel Arnolf v. d. Eichener Ruine, best of the breed at Cruft's, Richmond, and other shows; and the litter is being eagerly awaited. Another fine bitch, many times "Excellent" in Germany and unbeaten by her sex in England, is Kingsmark Enne v. Pfalzgau, which has also had a fine litter by Arnolf, some of which are for sale.

Rottweilers are not flashy dogs, but they have intrinsic merits that appeal to us. The illustration shows the sturdiness of their bodies. They are of medium size, the dogs measuring from about 23½ ins. to 25½ ins. at the shoulder. The chest is wide and deep, the length of the back should be a trifle more than the height, the ribs are carried well back, and the loins are strong and deep. The head is of medium length and has a wide skull. The short tail is sometimes natural. When it is not, it is docked. The ears are pendant and small. The colour is always black with tan markings, the tan being of different shades. In Wurttemberg and on the Schwabian borders they have for long been used as cattle dogs. Before railway transport became more convenient the farmers used them to drive herds, often composed of half-wild steers, over long distances to market.



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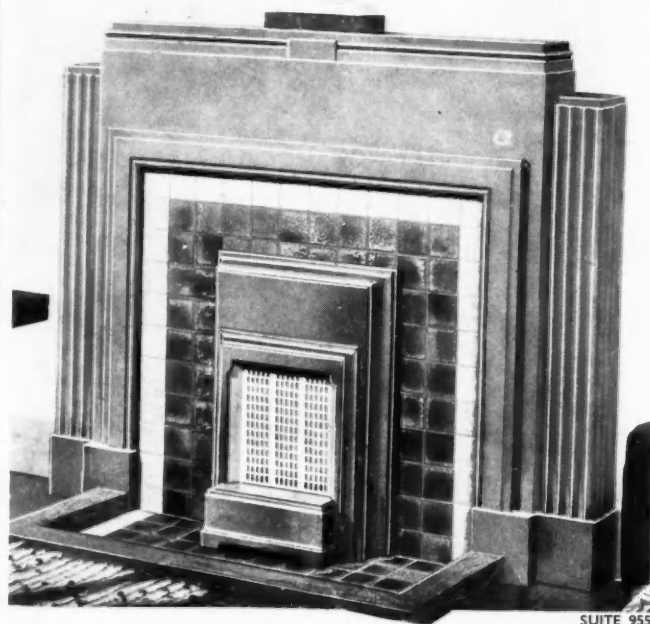
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COUNTRY LIFE

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GEORGIAN ENGLAND

EARLY in the New Year the house-breakers will set to work on Norfolk House, the Georgian splendours of which are represented on other pages of this issue. The case of the London home of the Duke of Norfolk, though made more significant by its position in the most distinguished of London squares and by associations that include the birth there of the third George himself, is none the less typical of what is going on all over Britain, in cities and towns and villages where the solid, undemonstrative houses of local notabilities are being torn down to provide space for the cinemas, chain stores, garages and other pressing needs of to-day. Like Norfolk House, these buildings have none of the picturesque glamour of "ye olde" which has now been discovered to have a commercial value. To minds accustomed by miles of sham half-timbering and jutting gables to the erroneous idea that veneration is due to architecture only when it is an affair of quirks and "romance," these dignified façades no doubt appear uninteresting, if not ugly, as Ruskin labelled Gower Street. The unfortunate fact that they are not included in the inventories of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments for England and Scotland (though this does not apply to Wales) is misinterpreted by the uninstructed to mean that they are not considered worthy of safeguarding: whereas, of course, the limiting date of 1714 was only fixed to reduce the labours of the Commission in the interests of economy. Often, too, the essence of Georgian design is its very unassertiveness, its contentment to serve as an unobtrusive part of a soberly balanced whole, as in the squares of Bloomsbury or the terraces of Bath. It is not easy to convince the authorities and owners of such property that the removal of a single unit in such a composition destroys the whole, and that these exquisitely standardised family homes are really the supreme, the unique, expression of the national genius in architecture—a perfect work of town-planning art the significance of which foreigners appreciate while we are blindly destroying it in the very name of town planning.

What is to be done? It is obviously impossible to call a halt to "progress." The economic, the social, the very topographical basis of living has changed, and, while a single town house here and there may be preserved, it will survive but as a pelican in the wilderness, a lonely memorial of a more gracious age. Our museums will soon

be full to bursting with the *disjecta membra* of dead cultures and have no space for the inclusion of the scores of complete rooms, rescued from buildings that have yielded to the house-breaker, which merit preservation. In any case, it is a whole rather than a part that we should aim at saving. Many more Georgian houses will go, but if public opinion can be educated through increased support of such organisations as the Georgian Group of the S.P.A.B., sufficient pressure could be generated to secure the safeguarding in perpetuity of certain typical groups of Georgian architecture—representative squares and terraces in London, some streets in the suburbs and provincial towns. In the country it is on the small market towns which have not yet grown suburbs and where there is no pressing need for development that efforts for preservation should be concentrated; but, first of all, we need a national survey, beginning where the Royal Commission's inventory leaves off, before we can decide what is most worth preserving. Meanwhile, there would be sufficient Georgian addicts to inhabit such reserves, and to tide over the interval before opinion changes and a people weary of living in flats and bijou residences clamours for the solid, spacious humanity of houses designed when the art of living was better understood.

WINTER HACKING

THE sport of hunting and the recreation of hacking, generally speaking, draw their devotees from different elements in the community, or, to be perhaps more precise, from differently conditioned kinds of people. The hunting man, to whom long hacks are often a troublesome necessity, may indeed be slightly contemptuous of those who are satisfied with such mild enjoyments, though he should remember that there is a potential supporter of a Hunt, some day when circumstances permit, in the greenest and least suitably clad John Gilpin. On the other hand, the best hacking is to be had in country that is not much favoured by Masters of Hounds—if, indeed, it is ever hunted regularly; and, as a means of getting to know some of the loveliest country in England, hacking is becoming increasingly popular. The number of riding stables cropping up all over the place, in suitable and unsuitable districts, is a proof, were any needed, that more and more people are becoming "horse-minded" every year. This welcome spread of riding is largely due to the work of the Institute of the Horse and the admirable activities of the pony clubs up and down the country. The long-distance ride to Eastbourne organised last summer by COUNTRY LIFE and *Riding* not only met with surprisingly wide support from participants, landowners, hotel-keepers, and others directly concerned, but created great general interest. But riding tours are not only a summer recreation. If one is prepared to run the risk of some bad weather (which is just as likely to be encountered, in this climate, in summer as in winter), hacking is even more enjoyable now. The going is frequently at its best, provided frost does not set in, and there has not been a heavy fall of snow, and the woods and downs in their winter dress have a beauty not seen after May. Russet bracken, the brown blankets of the woodlands, hedges bright with old man's beard and frosted berries, glow in the low cold winter sun, when the air has a sting and its clarity makes distances seem small. The difficulty of making a long-distance ride hitherto has been the finding of accommodation for the horses. The Institute of the Horse is busy remedying this, and already has a list of over a hundred hotels and inns where its sign is displayed and stabling is available. Before long it is hoped to organise a chain of inns in all country districts where horsemen will find lodging for man and beast. Another hindrance to cross-country riding is the occasional blocking or failure of little-used bridle tracks. In recent years a concerted effort has been made by the Commons and Footpaths Preservation Society, parish councils and, in some cases, the county councils, to record and define all such rights of way. While the individual walker and rider can do little to help their maintenance beyond being careful to close all gates that they pass through, the regular use of bridle tracks is the best insurance for their continuance.

COUNTRY NOTES

*This winter at Glamis*

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS

THOSE who long for an "old-fashioned" Christmas seem to be in a fair way to have it, unless, indeed, the snow and the frost have exhausted their efforts to oblige a little too soon. That stock epithet "old-fashioned" suggests that the Christmas of to-day has become, as compared with its predecessors, mild and anæmic—that in the good old days coaches were constantly being snowed up, as in "Boots at the Holly-tree Inn," and that Christmas was not itself at all without a frost and fog, as in the Carol, or a snow-drift and a piercing wind as at Dingley Dell; in short, that Dickens and true Christmas weather left the world together. This is not wholly a sound view, as witness the great storm of December 24th just ten years ago, when many householders had to turn to with shovels on Christmas morning and dig themselves out. There have been several other winters during the present century in which the weather in December has been up to the best traditional standards. Probably the truth is that nearly everybody would welcome a genuinely snowy Christmas such as is depicted on the cards, if only the snow would not come too soon before nor stay too long afterwards. There is deeply implanted in the British breast the instinct, in Mr. Chesterton's words, of "merry-making in the belly of a fort." Warmth and cheerfulness within and cold without make up the ideal of festivity on the day itself, and if we get that we must try not to grumble overmuch about anything else.

YULETIDE PRANDIMONIUM

GOURMETS and gastronomes are sometimes reputed to shudder at the bare mention of Christmas: the one season of the year when they are impelled—we will not say compelled—by their better feelings to return to the gourmandising practice of their youth. Fathers and uncles particularly can hardly avoid it, even if they would—which we take leave to doubt. After all, even the most austere of us are morally the better for an occasional breaking of bounds, and we have at least the consolation that, shocking to our finer instincts as may be a combination of roast turkey, plum pudding, champagne and port, a discreet moderation will help us to avoid the worst pangs of the morning after. This is far from the case with the dreadful examples of dietetic heresy held up by M. André Simon last week to the ridicule of the Royal Society of Arts. Sardines and cocoa, roast beef and strong tea, ice-cream and claret—no wonder that such lapses from good taste should be paid for in headaches, biliousness, and all manner of other ills. M. Simon rightly claimed that the art of good living is entitled to a place of honour among the arts of peace, the liberal arts, and the moral arts. It is a living art, as he said. Its body, which all may see and many acquire, is called gastronomy; its soul, a gift from heaven which no amount of money can buy, is a form of the living spirit of charity and is called hospitality. What more can be said at Christmas?

ANCIENT COCKTAILS

"GOOD CHEER" means more cocktails at this season, and more cocktails will doubtless mean more jeremiads from the not-so-young about the decadent modern habit of mixing drinks. But mixed drinks are not, of course, an evil invention of the twentieth century. The numbers of surviving Georgian punch ladles testify to the fondness of our great-great-grandfathers for punch, and even before the Norman Conquest the favourite tipples seem all to have been "confusions." Mead, which is still made, was not a pure honey drink, but included herbs, spices, and sometimes eggs, before it came to the table. Metheglin and hydromel were merely variations of mead. Morat was based on honey and the juice of mulberries (or possibly blackberries), probably with wine added. Ypocras and copus were both mixed "cups," and so was garhiofilac—this last being probably flavoured with cloves. An extant recipe bids the maker of piment to "take clowis, quibibus, maces, canel, galyngale and make powdyr therof, tempryng it with good wine and the third part honey, and cleanse her through a clene kloth. Also thou mayst make it with good ale." For purists (if any such existed) there were also, of course, the plain ales, ciders and wines which formed the basis of so many mixtures. The price of the best vintages imported from the Moselle was as high as 2d. a gallon in 1174, but England's own vineyards were still extensive at this time, and good English wine is known to have cost only 1d. a gallon.

COUNTRY CAROLLERS

Where splintering ice is silver upon the furrowed ground,
And barns are huge and spectral uprisen the fields beside,
And lamp-lit windows beckon to loneliness around,
They sing the songs of Zion which are of Christmastide.

They wake the frosty midnight with singing as they pass
"While Shepherds Watched," "God Rest You," the old
unageing airs.

"In Dulce Jubilo" they sing, and "Good King Wenceslas,"
"The Holly and the Ivy," these country wayfarers.

They pass between the hedgerows to thresholds far and few,
And sweeter than in townships their country carols rise.
They sing in lonely places of Him the angels knew,
The stalled beasts and the manger, and wondering shepherds' eyes.

ERIC CHILMAN.

THE TOY-MAKER'S ART

THE approach of Christmas brings thoughts of toys, and it is not only children who like toys. Indeed, it is not uncommon to see grown-ups crawling entranced on the floor over some ingenious railway, or a review of tin soldiers, while the youthful and lawful proprietor languishes in a corner. Fathers are great makers of domestic toys, as we learn from the British Toy Manufacturers' Association, and often come to believe with a touching faith that they are also the inventors of them, only as a rule to find themselves disillusioned. At the same time, it is admitted that they sometimes suggest useful improvements, generally in the direction of mechanical toys. Mothers, it appears, are more interested in toys that shall amuse the very young, and their suggestions are the more workmanlike and practicable of the two. Their inventions often have an "educational value" which sounds, it must be confessed, rather alarming. It is, presumably, inevitable that toys should grow more and more elaborate and more like "the real thing," especially those which have to entertain the parents as well as their offspring. They have not that blessed power of pretending which can make a train of three chairs in a row and can serve a gorgeous if phantom feast from a doll's tea-set.

A NEW YEAR DANCE FESTIVAL

COUNTRY dancing never seems quite the genuine thing when it is performed under cover and by artificial light. One must see the Bampton team dance their morris in their native Oxfordshire when the may is out in the hedgerows and the cuckoos are calling. Yet there is, no doubt, much to be said for a New Year festival of folk dancing. Was it not at midsummer that the nine men's morris was filled up with mud and the quaint mazes in the wanton green

for lack of tread were indistinguishable? Whatever the state of the village greens may be on January 8th, the floor of the Albert Hall will keep an unmuddied surface, when the English Folk Song and Dance Society's annual revelries are held. This year the Bacup Coconut dancers, with their black faces and stockings and their "nuts" fastened to hands and knees, are to give their wild and spectacular performance. In some respects similar to the south country morris, this is altogether a more sensational affair and has a marked likeness to a Bavarian dance in which the performers also have blackened faces. The visitors from abroad will include a team of Walloon ritual dancers from the Liège district, who will perform a version of the *danse macabre*.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN THE RING

WHEN the international horizon is murky and uncertain it is the more pleasant to hear of international contests in sport producing nothing but friendliness. The Czechoslovakian football players gained golden opinions in the matches against England and Scotland, and now comes an amateur boxing match between England and Germany, as keen and sporting as it was close and dramatic. The interest shown in it was proved by the fact that five hundred German spectators faced the journey to see it, although they had to leave for home the very moment it was over. The German boxers proved worthy of the country of Schmeling and Neusel, and made a most resolute effort to pull the match out of the fire. England were in the otiose position known in another game as "dormy three," but first of all the German cruiser-weight won his bout handsomely, and then the first string in the heavy-weights followed suit. So all depended on the last match, and it was left to the English reserve heavy-weight to clinch the matter. International matches so happily carried out can do nothing but good. *O si sic omnes*.

FAMOUS RIVERSIDE HOUSES

THE pulling down of Buccleuch House at Richmond is no loss, while its grounds will form a delightful extension of the Terrace Gardens. It was built for George, Duke of Montague, and went, on his death in 1790, together with Boughton, to his son-in-law, the Duke of Buccleuch. Actually the property was bought by the Richmond Vestry as long ago as 1886, when the adjoining Landsdowne House was pulled down, but was re-sold to Sir Whittaker Ellis. Across the river at Hampton stands Garrick's Villa, built for him by his friend Robert Adam at the same time as the Temple of Shakespeare in the riverside gardens. The latter is now public property; but the Villa, though at present occupied as flats, and its considerable grounds are coming into the market. Their preservation till now has been owing to the public-spirited purchase of the property some years ago, largely for its safe keeping, by the present vendor. Though the Villa retains little of its original internal decoration, it must certainly not be allowed to disappear, even if parts of its very attractive grounds have to be sacrificed. Here is an opportunity for some benefactor of the English stage to preserve the whole property for the acting profession as a memorial to our greatest actor.

MAIDEN CASTLE

THOMAS HARDY has recorded how, one evening as a storm was gathering, he climbed up the great ramparts of Maiden Castle and there discovered "a venerable scholar with letter after his name" illicitly wielding a pickaxe with the aid of a light from a lantern. Fifty years later, the archaeologists have attacked the fortress *en masse*, and, after four seasons' excavations, have learned what that grey-bearded optimist would have given all his worldly fortune to have known. Maiden Castle, though inhabited in neolithic times, owes its vast defences to the Celts of the later Iron Age. Occupied as a fortified town about 300 B.C., it was enlarged a hundred years later, and then, little more than a century and a half before the Romans came, given its second, outer ring of ramparts and the complicated defences that guard its gates. This final enlargement Dr. Mortimer Wheeler has visualised as "the work of some totalitarian ruler of genius whose ambition almost o'erleapt itself." Further thought has led to the conclusion that these outer defences were necessitated by the invention

of the sling with its increased range of fire. When the Romans came, they deliberately "sighted" the old town and transferred its population to Dorchester in the valley below, though memories died hard and in the late Roman period a little temple was built in the old deserted city. This year a gruesome discovery was made of skeletons hastily buried near the eastern gate. One showed a clear sword-cut in the skull, in another the point of a spear was still embedded in the backbone. All the evidence pointed to a surprise attack—perhaps a preliminary skirmish with Roman outposts in which the hill-top defenders had been temporarily successful in holding their own before the inevitable end.

THE MANIFOLD USES OF WOOD

AT a time when the architect and craftsman are offered such a bewildering variety of new synthetic processes and materials, it is a relief to turn back to the old, tried properties of wood. Last week Lord Kennet opened at the Science Museum an exhibition organised by the Timber Development Association, which shows that, as a result of scientific research, wood, far from becoming an antiquated material, is being used in hundreds of new ways and that the demand for timber is greater than ever before. Modern machine tools, with their amazing accuracy in cutting, true to a hundredth of an inch, by making available wide wood surfaces for panelling in the form of plywood, have revolutionised interior decoration. Moreover, there has been a remarkable revival in the use of wood for constructional purposes—both for houses and farm buildings; and even the traditional roof of wood shingles, thanks to a realisation of the wonderful weather-resisting properties of Canadian red cedar, is coming into its own again. At South Kensington one can study the results of research into artificial processes of seasoning and the causes and treatments of those deadly enemies—dry rot and the death-watch beetle. There is also an entertaining exhibit of some of the derivatives of timber. Some of us may have been aware that wood is used in the manufacture of rayon and cellophane; but it is startling to learn that wood can produce face powder, and that sugar distilled from wood is being used in Germany in making chocolates.

INTERRUPTION

Over the grey
Habitual scenery
Of day-by-day,
Along routine's causeway
Skies alter, clouds divide
For interrupting Christmastide. . . .
O walk in its shining space,
Lift up your face
And feel the sun
Before its truce is done!
Take your delight
In days so brief yet full of light!
So soon
The world is spinning as of old,
Winter's exquisite tale
Again is told.

MARION PEACOCK.

PORKERS ON BROADWAY

THERE have long been a multitude of reasons for the belief that the people of the United States of America enjoy greater liberty than those of any other country. In the local idiom, indeed, they have liked to think themselves freer than somewhat. But now there seems reason to feel that this belief, if not boloney, is at least moonshine. For, according to the inestimable Reuter, quoted in the British Press, certain new measures of freedom are in process of being granted to American citizens: and assuredly greater freedom can only exist where there was less liberty before. From New Year's Day, it appears, it will be wholly in order to drive a pig down Broadway, to fly kites within city limits, boil bones without a permit, or own a pea-shooter. There will thus be four new ways of varying the customary whoopee with which the New Year is welcomed; and henceforward short stories in which Broadway is the background may have touches of local colour not available before 1938. For these delights American citizens are indebted to the lawyers who have recently been overhauling a complicated municipal legal code.

THE CALEDONIAN POWER SCHEME

Readers of the following article by Mr. Arthur Gardner will have been glad to learn that the Inverness County Council decided last week to oppose the Caledonian Power Bill



LOCH QUOICH AND SGURR-NA-CICHE

THE recently issued Report of the Government Commission dealing with the production of carbide raises questions which are still hotly contested. The first recommendation—that a factory should be established at Port Talbot in South Wales, will be readily accepted by everyone, as it brings a new industry into a depressed area, where it is needed. But the second proposal, to establish a second factory at Corpach on the Caledonian Canal, will cause dismay among all lovers of Highland scenery, since it was accompanied by a statement that the Caledonian Power Bill, twice rejected by Parliament, will be re-introduced in very much its original form with Government support. This took powers to impound the waters of Loch Quoich, Loch Garry, Loch Cluanie, Glen Loyne, and Glen Moriston, and to create a power station at Kinlochhourn at the head of Loch Hourn on the west coast, with transmission cables and such horrors to Corpach.

Serious objection need not be taken to the site at Corpach, as the neighbourhood has already been spoilt by the huge works near Fort William. But the rest of the scheme means ruin for a vast area of the very finest and least spoilt scenery in Britain. This district has hitherto been comparatively remote and its beauty only known to the few. But the opening up of the new road along the canal to Inverness has now made it accessible to tourists, and it is the main motor route to Skye. It is, however, devoutly to be hoped that the roads will not be straightened out and made into racing tracks, even if their surfaces are improved; motorists should not wish to hurry through such scenery.

This is not the place to dispute conclusions arrived at on technical matters by a competent commission; but the following points seem fairly obvious to the lay mind:

(1) With our erratic rainfall we can never hope to obtain such results as are given by the glacier-fed streams of Norway.



A. Gardner

UPPER REACH, LOCH HOURN

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LOCH QUOICH: "THE GRANDEST FRESH-WATER LOCH ON THE MAINLAND OF SCOTLAND"

(2) The capital cost of such a scheme of destruction, spread over so wide an area, will make the plan highly speculative as compared with one based on coal.

(3) It would be of no permanent benefit to the Highland population. There might be profits for contractors and temporary employment for imported labour, but when complete the handful of men employed at the power station would be less numerous than those thrown out of work by the destruction of the fishing and ruin of the tourist industry.

(4) There is already a huge power station at Fort William. Is there not a large surplus which could supply reasonable requirements at Corpach?

(5) If the necessary cheap power can be obtained from stations erected on the coalfields in South Wales, why cannot the second factory be run in a similar way on the Clyde or at Whitehaven, where there is little scenic beauty to be destroyed, and where the problem of employment is acute?

The purpose of this article, however, is to lift the question out of the realm of commercial values, and to open the eyes of those who do not yet realise the superlative charms of the region threatened. When the scheme was before Parliament, the Association for the Preservation of Rural Scotland published an illustrated pamphlet showing some of the beauties threatened and the dire results realised under some other power schemes. But though some of the pictures were excellent, they did not all do full justice to the supreme beauty of this region, and it is hoped that the accompanying illustrations may do something to fill the gap.

The road through Glengarry winds among magnificent birch woods, beside the pretty loch, backed

by the sugar-loaf of Ben Tee. Farther on the stream tumbles through a smiling valley, opening out here and there into narrow lochs, forming a paradise for the angler, until it issues from Loch Quoich.

This is the grandest fresh-water loch on the mainland of Scotland, and to mar its wild beauty by building dams and swamping its natural shores would be a crime for which future generations would never forgive us. The wild hills around the head, culminating in Ben Aden and the shapely peak of Sgurr-na-Ciche, are known as the "Rough Bounds," and would make an ideal national park if we are ever enlightened enough to realise such an ideal.

At the head of Glen Moriston, Glen Loyne is more desolate and of less importance; but Ben Cluanie is a favourite haunt of Scottish mountaineers, surrounded as it is with high hills, while the river in Glen Moriston is one of Scotland's loveliest streams.

One of the worst features of the scheme is the proposal to divert the waters of the Garry and lead them down to sea level at Kinlochhourn, where the power station would be erected.

Kinlochhourn is a remarkable spot, approached by a very steep, rough road through a grand gorge. The space at the head of the loch is very restricted, with no room for an industrial settlement. It is deep set among high hills, and so protected that eucalyptus trees and semi-tropical vegetation can flourish there. To obtrude a power station into this secluded nook would be unthinkable to any but a commercially blinded generation. The narrow upper reach of Loch Hourn is shallow and unsuited for navigation by any but small boats, and the path at the foot of the cliffs



A. Gardner

ON LOCH HOURN

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and along the shore provides the most romantic walk in Britain. It wanders up and down along the hillside, sometimes just above the water, sometimes climbing over a projecting cliff, or built up on the side of a precipice crowned with ancient spreading Scots pines, which almost seem to pose for a photograph. Farther on, the sharp peaks and ridges of Ladhar Bheinn and Ben Sgiol add dignity to Scotland's grandest sea loch.

Is this a country to be sacrificed for the sake of a temporary financial gain? Would it not be well worth while even to produce our carbide at a slightly increased cost and preserve our priceless national inheritance of beauty? Surely it is time that we set up some authority which would put first things first, which should have the power to set the things of the spirit above the things of the flesh! We grumble at the older generation which allowed the machine-minded leaders of the industrial revolution to pollute the fair valleys of Yorkshire and Lancashire till they are blasted like Sodom and Gomorrah, and we cannot be surprised when discontent and Communism raise their heads in such hideous surroundings. Is it not natural that new industries drift away

to fresh fields. But are we to allow them to continue the process till all the unspoiled regions of our beloved land have been equally polluted? Surely the time has come for some real town and country planning, which will preserve all the best of our natural heritage, and direct industry into places where it is wanted and where its presence is least offensive! It is essential for our souls as well as for our bodies that such regions as the western Highlands, the English Lakes, the Welsh mountains, the Peak District, and the cliffs of Cornwall and Pembroke, should be saved from commercial spoliation.

We have allowed Manchester to destroy the charms of Thirlmere and Haweswater, and Glasgow to replace the lovely shores and silver strand of Loch Katrine by a concrete parade. Are we now to permit the still grander glories of Loch Quoich and Loch Houra to suffer an even worse fate to supply power for a carbide factory? Let all men of good will rise and demand from our rulers that these priceless treasures of our inheritance be made safe for all time from the ruthless speculations of engineers and commercial adventurers!

ARTHUR GARDNER.

A CASUAL COMMENTARY

GABRIEL AND EBENEZER

"STICK a bit o' Christmas in 'em," said Sam Weller of the mince pies, and since this number is actually dated December 25th surely one may stick a little bit of Dickens's Christmas in it. The day on which I write makes a nearly perfect setting for that enterprise. There is, to be sure, no snow, at which I unworthily rejoice; but there is a wind that is piercing cold and rain that beats ever and anon against my windows and sets the trees over the way bowing their heads as if to snatch an envious peep at my fire. It is a day of defiant comfort, calculated to keep me in and—almost equally important, other people out. Moreover, it is not only my pleasure, but my agreeable duty, to keep indoors, because I have, or am alleged to have, a slight cold in the head, and I have been given a rug to wrap round my knees. So it has seemed equally a duty to read, as I have done, straight through the story of Gabriel Grub and *The Christmas Carol*.

The two must go together, because in the story which old Wardle is supposed to have told at Dingley Dell (of course, he never could have told it, any more than Mr. Pickwick could have walked five and twenty miles after the wedding breakfast) is the obvious germ of the Carol. It has often been told how Dickens first thought of the Carol at Manchester, how it took such hold of him that he cried and laughed over it and walked for hours in the street over it when other people were in bed; how when he had finished it he broke out into an orgy of "such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's buffings" as had never been seen before. What I always want to know—it is probably tiresome of me—is whether he ever thought that he had thought it all before, and that Ebenezer Scrooge was Gabriel Grub in a slightly different form. It is quite possible that he never did, and that he was the only person in the world who did not, because old ideas, more often those of other men, often strike us with their beautiful and complete novelty. Few people knew their Dickens so well as the late Sir Arthur Pinero. I once had the temerity to ask him whether, when he named Cayley Drummle in "*The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*," he thought he had invented a new name. He answered that he thought he had invented a very good one, and that not till long afterwards had he realised his theft from Bentley Drummle in "*Great Expectations*." So perhaps in this case Dickens did not at first realise his theft from himself.

Whether he did or did not does not really matter, and the expansion of his own original notion is a cause for profound gratitude, because, while "*The Christmas Carol*" is a great story, that of "*Gabriel Grub*" is, I venture to say, apart from our sentimental affection for it, barely even a good one. It is, for me, one of the exceptions to prove the rule that Dickens never again rose to such supreme heights as those of *Pickwick*; and I may add that I personally skip Gabriel Grub when I read the Christmas chapters. Yet the whole notion underlying Gabriel Grub also underlies Ebenezer Scrooge. Each is a solitary, sulky curmudgeon who hates Christmas and hates other people keeping it, and is suddenly converted by visions seen in a dream. Almost the only definite difference is that the one dreams his dream on a flask of hollands, the other on gruel. Gabriel raps over the head with his lantern a little boy who is shouting a Christmas song, and Ebenezer takes the ruler to a boy bawling "God Rest You, Merry Gentlemen" through the keyhole. Some of the visions are the same. Both stories have the rather obvious vision of a happy family waiting for the father to come home that they may make much of him; both

have, too—and I could dispense with it—the vision of one of those children dying. To be sure, we are told in the end that Tiny Tim did not die, and the scene is so simple and touching that it must be forgiven; but the child in Gabriel Grub dies, as if to slow music, with angels waiting for it.

Dickens was, of course, painting on a far larger canvas in the Carol; he had all the room he wanted in which to produce his cumulative effect. Gabriel Grub was allowed but a single chapter, and so his reformation has to be scamped, and we are only told that he came home a contented, ragged, rheumatic old man. Scrooge's reformation, on the other hand, has ample space and, however improbable, is one of the best things in the story. If we abandon ourselves to its spirit—and we must do that—then Scrooge shouting out of the window to the boy and sending him to buy the giant turkey and paying for the cab to take it to Bob Cratchit is pure bliss. And, by the way, though we say that Scrooge's reformation is improbable, are we really so sure that it was? It may be an artistic mistake in the book, but it is at the same time one of its engaging qualities that, even while Scrooge is taking the ruler to the boy and bullying Bob Cratchit and growling at his nephew, we feel that this is all part of a grim humour and that he will "come right in the end." He is like the old lady at Dingley Dell, who "looked as fierce as might be—and that was benevolent after all."

Mr. Chesterton, whose every word about Dickens is better than anybody else's, has said that Dickens's atmosphere is more important than his stories, and has, I think, applied that remark to the Carol. It is clearly true about this tragic and ominous atmosphere. The great stormy night's drive in "*Martin Chuzzlewit*" is full of splendid and murderous menace and is ever so much more important than the fact that Jonas actually does commit a murder. The death of Ham Peggotty and Steerforth is dwarfed by that other storm leading up to it, in which David Copperfield drives down to Yarmouth. But is it quite true of the Carol? It seems to me to depend on how much is attributed to atmosphere and how much to story. If only Scrooge and his change of heart constitute the story, well and good; but is it quite fair to think of the Fezziwigs' ball only as "atmosphere"? Or take that other party at Scrooge's nephew's, at which Topper always insists on catching the plump sister at blind-man's buff. These two things are only seen in visions, but they are so intensely real that they must be part of the story.

However, it is an academic point; story and atmosphere together are heavenly—if you truly like Dickens. That is essential, for of all his books the Carol is, perhaps, the most full-flavoured. One is tempted sometimes to think that he set out to parody with supreme skill his own style. Nowhere does he get along at a more breathless and rollicking pace, piling more and more logs on the fire, more and more dishes on the table, more and more delights in the shop windows—"wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!" The hyphens in the last "wonderful" make an admirable touch. They seem, as it were, to fling down a gauntlet. I spoke of the defiant comfort of being indoors when the wind is blowing and the rain splashing. Well, here it is in a wider and more generous form. By means of those hyphens Dickens absolutely defies us not to be happy and friendly and cosy at Christmas. Gabriel Grub cannot stand for a moment before such tremendous stuff. Nevertheless, at a friendly season let us give him his due. He began it.

B. D.

Famous Hunts and their Countries

THE ZETLAND

By THE HON. PETER WOOD



ON THE BANKS OF THE TEES AT HIGH CONISCLIFFE

THE writer who endeavours to tread once again the path trod by such notable predecessors as the great "Nimrod," and to extol to a fresh public the great traditions of the Zetland Hunt, feels himself of necessity in the same position as the maiden described by Rabindranath Tagore, the poet. "I have brought my light," she said, "to join the carnival of lamps." I stood and watched her little lamp uselessly lost among lights."

The history of the Zetland Hunt is inseparably interwoven with the history of the famous Old Raby Hunt, for the one is, as it were, the child of the other. "Nimrod" asserts that hounds had been kept at Raby Castle as early as the middle of the eighteenth century, being introduced in all probability by William, Duke of Cleveland and Southampton—a childless widower and, by repute, great sportsman who also fostered north country racing by the introduction to those parts of what were then termed "running" horses. No concrete record, however, is to be found of a pack of hounds at Raby until the year 1787, when William Harry Vane, Viscount Barnard, only son of Henry, second Earl of Darlington, celebrated his coming of age by beginning to hunt a pack of hounds. This gentleman became the celebrated Lord Darlington of subsequent times, and hunted the Raby country for nigh on fifty years. This can have been no idle task, for the Raby country appears to have been enormous, comprising what is now hunted by the Zetland, the Bedale, South Durham, Hurworth, and York and Ainsty (North), with an occasional excursion as far as the Badsworth. The sport that was enjoyed would appear to have been of a very high standard. The diaries, which

Lord Darlington kept most methodically, give evidence of a pack of hounds which could both gallop and hunt, and of a Master whose whole delight lay in the furtherance of that pack's success.

Some of the entries to be found towards the close of the eighteenth century are amusing. "Threw off at twelve, at Huds-well Banks, found instantly and killed very soon; a — fox; came home"—closely followed by the even more annoying incident when "found very handsomely, ran through the Swinneries, through Gale's park, and to Ravensworth park and earthed; where a man had opened the earth purposely." But atoning for these misfortunes are frequent entries such as "ran the last fox for two hours and fifty minutes with some of the best hits and hunting I almost ever saw"; and again: "ran out of scent into view, and killed, an old dog fox. A desperate sharp burst of 14 minutes." The best season of Lord Darlington's mastership appears to have been in 1807, when 51½ brace of foxes were killed in 106 hunting days; but it is always dangerous to judge the standard of sport from the numbers of foxes killed, and the diaries speak of a very high level being maintained each season. The hounds appear to have been all that might be desired, judging from extracts of the 1833-34 diary: "had 22 couples of old and 8 couples of young hounds out, which ran like blazing angels," and, later in the year, "a most excellent run of two hours and ten minutes, and most of the horses crying out for their mammas"; while to those who hold that modern fox-hunters are unduly "soft," the three entries "could not hunt on account of very high wind and rain" will be of controversial interest.

After a life spent in attendance at his kennels and at the



A MEET AT RABY CASTLE



A RECENT PONY CLUB MEET AT LUCY CROSS

House of Lords, and having been created first Marquess and then Duke of Cleveland, Lord Darlington died in 1842 and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry. Henry, Duke of Cleveland, re-established the pack which his father had sold at York on retiring in 1836; but, foxes being then a scarcity, he devoted the greater part of his attentions to deer, occasionally asking Mr. Wilkinson of the Hurworth to come over and hunt the fox. Whether he ever caught it history does not relate. It will be seen that by now the Raby territory was less extensive. The late Duke had given the Bedale country to his son-in-law, Mr. Milbanke, in 1832, and during his latter years age had no doubt restricted his activities.

In 1861 the Duke gave up his hounds, and the Raby Hunt was split up among neighbouring packs. The hounds were sold at Rugby, where 56½ couples fetched 573gs.

From 1861 to 1865 no written record of the pack can be found. Some believe that the country was hunted by a committee; but, in view of the pack having been sold in the summer of 1861, there was almost certainly no pack that season, and it is doubtful whether there was ever one until Mr. Cradock of Hartsforth re-started the hounds in 1865.

Mr. Cradock raised a pack by begging drafts from all quarters, and it can be imagined that they were a somewhat heterogeneous collection. At first there was nowhere to kennel them, but eventually room was found at the Master's home at Hartsforth, where they were placed under the charge of one John Bowe, a gamekeeper, and great character. There can at this moment be seen some similarity between the early years of Mr. Cradock's hounds and the early years of the Eton College Beagles, when they were kennelled in the High Street in the charge of a Turkish bath keeper. An even stronger link between the two packs exists in the late Eton kennel-huntsman, Champion, son of the man who at one time hunted hounds for Mr. Cradock.

"Where there is a will there is a way," and Mr. Cradock's hounds flourished—for which much was due to the untiring energy of his Hunt secretary, Mr. Bolam. In common with every Master of Foxhounds, Mr. Cradock's path was not entirely free of thorns. In May, 1870, he is writing to his secretary, saying: "I have not received any subscriptions this year and therefore those who have not paid ought to be reminded as I can do with a cheque"; while about the same time a certain Charles Chipchase writes: "The foxes destroyed three fine Rouen ducks value 10/- belonging to me, last winter. I understand you would rather pay for them than have the foxes destroyed—if so please reply at once." History has indeed a way of repeating itself.

In 1876 Mr. Cradock's mastership came to an end and he was succeeded by the Marquess of Zetland, who hunted the pack at his own expense until 1911. He hunted the same country as Mr. Cradock, and this is the country that to-day constitutes the Zetland territory. Some twenty-eight miles long by twenty miles broad, lying in Durham and the North Riding of Yorkshire, it well merits the description given it of "the Northcountryman's Leicestershire." It is almost entirely pasture, with very little plough and some moorland, and it requires a horse that is quick and active; for almost every type of fence is met with, and a good horse is as necessary as a good man if hounds are to be seen when they run. The only fault, if such it

may be termed, is the River Tees, which splits the country in two and whose banks afford impregnable shelter to many a hard-pressed fox. It is a wild country, full of possibilities and full of beauty. A country where a bad day may be made enjoyable by the splendour of the scenery and where the same splendour can magnify tenfold the joys and excitement of a good hunt. What more could any man wish than to find a fox in the Zetland Vale on a February afternoon, and to run him in the lengthening shadows to the moors whence he has come a-courting, and kill him where the sun's last lingering rays are turning the land into a patchwork of red and purple tints?

When Lord Zetland gave up he was succeeded by Mr. Herbert Straker, who guided the Hunt through the years before, during, and after the Great War, to be joined in 1920 by his son-in-law, the present Lord Barnard. This partnership continued for nine years, when it was broken by the death of Mr. Straker. From that date Lord Barnard began the mastership which has ever been a success and an enjoyment, and the duties of which are this year shared with Captain Jaffray, who has had previous experience with such well known kennels as the Brocklesby, the Cotswold and the Meynell.

Captain Jaffray has brought with him from the Meynell a number of hounds, the virtues of which he intends to blend with the virtues of the Zetland hounds. Of the dog hounds there appears here Actor ('33), by South and West Wilts Phoenix ('28) out of Tedworth Actress ('30), through which parents he obtains the blood of Brecon Paragon, Tedworth Plaintiff, and the Brocklesby Ardent. He is being much used this time on account of his working qualities (he is a great fox-finder), for Captain Jaffray believes, with reason, that work is more important than looks, and that whereas the latter may produce the former, a good working strain will, in the fullness of time, produce good looks. Actor is a strong dog, lacking the quality some might desire, but nevertheless one who should, if all goes well, prove his worth as a sire. Another stallion hound is Darter ('35), by North Cotswold Danger ('31) out of Sorrel ('33), who was again by Tedworth Plaintiff. Darter is a dog very hard to find fault with. He has a good front and the most wonderfully strong back. A good front is little use unless there is also the strength behind to propel it and this Darter has in abundance. It is only his stern that may be criticised. There is there a definite suspicion of "gaiety," but not pronounced enough to mar what is otherwise a very pleasing dog indeed.

Of the young hounds, there is a nice litter by Bedale Valiant ('31) out of Homely ('34), and one dog in particular stands out. Hoover, the winner of this year's Puppy Show, has a great deal of quality, while at the same time not lacking in quantity. He, too, has a good front and a powerful back, and is a dog that, when fully matured, should be of value. His litter brother, Hotspur, "dips" behind the shoulder and is rather light behind the saddle, although this is a fault that a season's hunting may well eradicate. Of the other young dog hounds, Rifleman, by Cleveland Richmond ('31) out of Cowslip ('33), seemed to be of a coarser type and inclined to knuckle over; Vanguard, by Bedale Vexer ('30) out of Trellis ('34), has a nice front, but rather runs away behind; while Prodigal, by North Cotswold Proctor ('33) out of Tedworth Pastry ('30), makes up for a somewhat long back by powerful quarters, and



CAPTAIN JAFFRAY (JOINT-MASTER WITH LORD BARNARD) HUNTS HOUNDS HIMSELF



HOPEFUL, by Bedale Valiant ('31) out of Homely ('34); the best working young hound in the kennel



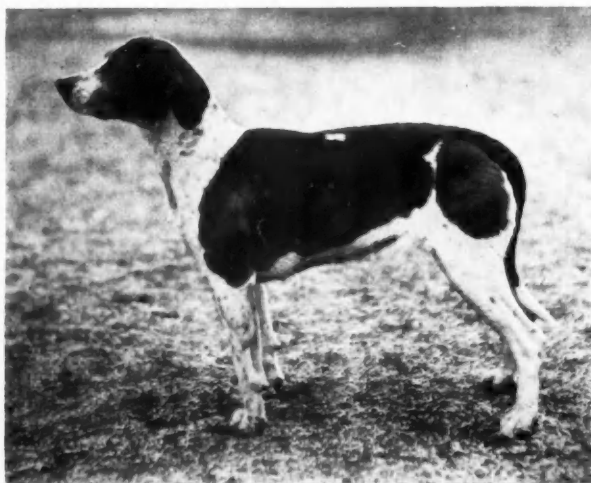
ACTOR, by South and West Wilts Phoenix ('28) out of Tedworth Actress ('30); a strong dog and a great worker

is reputed to be possessed of that inestimable virtue, great drive.

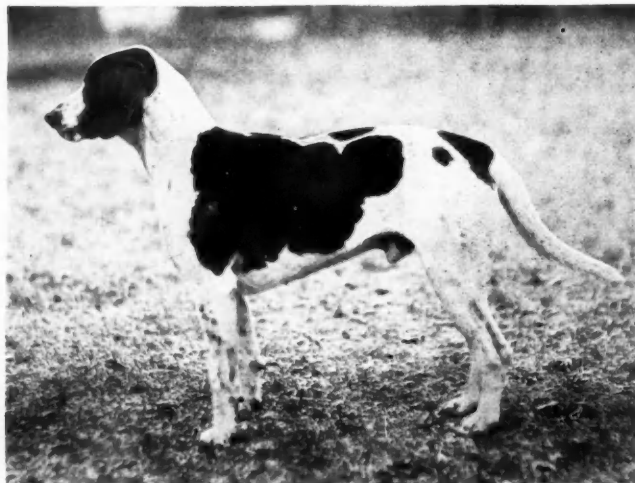
Among the brood bitches, Brocklesby Welkin ('32), by Bicester Weathergauge ('27) out of Brocklesby Safety ('28), and possessing no fewer than seven lines to Brocklesby Rambler, seemed a well coupled up, roomy and hard sort. There is a litter of hers out at walk at the moment, by Darter, and the result of this combination should be interesting to see. Pattercake ('32), by South and West Wilts Tinker ('27) out of Tedworth Pastry, is a small but nice bitch and the dam of a promising litter by North Cotswold Proctor. A fourth season bitch, by Brocklesby Gallinule ('28) out of Saintly ('28), named Graceful, caught the eye, and is a hard one to fault. She may not be as "fine" as some might desire, but for a brood bitch "fineness" can sometimes be carried to an extreme. Glowworm ('34), by the South and West Wilts

Godfrey ('28) out of a Brocklesby bitch, seemed altogether too big; but another bitch of the same year, Phantom, by South and West Wilts Phoenix out of Tedworth Paintbox ('31), looked the sort that many might wish to have twenty couples of in their kennel. She has a useful-looking son—a puppy—that should make up into a nice dog when he is full-grown. Partridge ('36), another Cotswold Proctor, is again a useful sort, though perhaps a little light behind; while there are two bitches, Gossip and Governess, of the same year, by Middleton Gordon ('31) out of Stainless ('33), who also appear here. Both are powerful bitches, but marred by unfortunately straight shoulders, of which Gossip's are the worse.

Of the young bitches, several caught the eye. Stately, by Lincoln ('33) out of Stormy ('33), is a nice bitch with a good deal of quality and one that should be of subsequent service. She



GRACEFUL, by Brocklesby Gallinule ('28) out of Saintly ('28)



HOOVER, by Bedale Valiant ('31) out of Homely ('34); winner of last year's Puppy Show



PARTRIDGE, by Cotswold Proctor ('33) out of Necklace ('32)



GOSSIP AND GOVERNESS, by Middleton Gordon ('31) out of Stainless ('33)

was the winner of this year's Puppy Show. Two sisters, by Cotswold Proctor out of Tedworth Pastry, stood out by themselves—Portia and Prattle. Both have quality, both look as though they should hunt tirelessly all day, and the last-named, Prattle, is as nice a bitch as any in the kennel. Another couple of bitches, Mistress and Mighty, by Bedale Minister ('32) out of Streamlet ('33), are two that look like galloping on, although the latter has not as good hocks as her sister. Finally, there remains Hopeful, litter sister to Hoover, and a very nice bitch indeed. She was lame at the Puppy Show, so was unable to take her fair chance with the other "débutantes"; but what she has missed in the Show she makes up for in the hunting field, where, according to the Masters, she is far and away the best young hound in all matters related to the finding, hunting and killing of a fox.

It would be superfluous to say that every hound in the kennel looks well and happy in himself, when it is remembered that the Zetland have the good fortune to possess a kennel huntsman as efficient and as fond of his hounds and his work as is J. Healey. Equally unnecessary would it be to extol the working qualities of a pack of hounds which rejoices in two Masters who will tolerate no hound that is unable to justify its existence. While, last of all, there can be no doubt for the future of the pack when it is remembered what loyal support it enjoys in the country, both from landowners and farmers, and what promising material the Masters have in their kennels.

Indeed there can be no hesitation in prophesying for the Zetland Hunt a future honourable and distinguished and in every way in keeping with the great traditions of its past.

"WINTER'S NOT GONE YET"

AMORNING of whipping rain had dropped into a still evening. The clouds rolled back steadily and slowly from the east, and we knew the duck would be difficult to see if the flight were anything but early. But I had been invited down to a Gloucestershire Friday night dance on the clear understanding that I should be taken after the duck on Saturday, and I was going to insist on the contract in spite of my host's laziness. He could choose his evenings, I could not.

When we parked the car at a gate leading on to the mud flats, the sky was depressingly blue. As the first ooze of dampness came through my left gum boot, I realised that it would only be a very silly bird that fell to our guns that night. As I tugged, balancing on one leg, at my right gum boot firmly left in the mud of a fosse that I had hoped to jump clean, I was taking colder comfort from the knowledge that, at any rate, I should not have to clean my gun when I got back to the house. And when we had reached our dim positions and faced the last light in the west, I began, *faute de mieux*, to admire what was, but to the hopeful duck-shooter, a charming nocturne in half-tones, with ever a busy train cutting red through the darkness on my right. The curlews shrilled dimly to my front. I could just see at my feet the three-toed markings in the mud which showed where the myriad teal and duck had eaten their fill that morning.

Preceded by a honk that was distantly but unmistakably geese, came the sudden pin-prick "a-wheel's" of the wigeon. They were out over the water yet, or surely I could have picked them out against what was left of the light. I strained my eyes, trying to focus against the first stars; but when a whish-whish of wings in my ears told me that the birds were circling just around my head, and I still couldn't pick them out, I cursed the clearness of the evening in an agony of frustration. Some whisper of cloud against the moon, and they would have stood out like crows. I could hear them pitch quite close now, and rise, lovely but invisible marks, when I clicked my safety catch forward and slewed round to peer into the darkness when I heard their movements. I never got a shot, and there was no sound from my host's gun, sixty yards inland.

At length I heard him walking in towards me, whistling for safety as he came. We didn't say much on the homeward scramble over slippery shelves and darkened fosses. It was great exercise. That was colder comfort than ever.

We drove to the village, and stopped at the Olive Branch, to stretch muddy legs from a chair for a bit, and to get something warming under our belts. The parlour fire was a cheerful sight, and we called for our whiskies before looking at our companions. There were only three. Two men were silently contemplating pint mugs at a table by the window. One was obviously a tin-mine labourer, grimed and sallow and tired. The other, I discovered afterwards, was a local half-gipsy horse-coper. An

enormous fellow, with none of the wiriness and angles that one associates with gipsies. His would have been an ugly shape to loom up at one in a dark lane. By the light of the fire he was not much more prepossessing. He had a glorious black eye, for one thing. I wondered, in momentary awe, what sort of a brave man had given it him. But when I heard him speak, in that lovely, velvety, deep Gloucestershire, his looks didn't seem to matter. He asked us had we had any luck. The third companion in our lethargy was a boy of about ten, who fed biscuits to an eager little dog, quietly in front of the fire.

No. We had had no luck. "Ah, night's too clear, mind," and the black eye was hidden for long seconds behind an inverted beer mug. He wiped his lips with the back of his hand. Night's too clear, mind. Ah. I asked if they'd been getting duck hereabouts during the last stormy six nights or so. Ah. Bill Quaife from the hardware shop had got seven wigeon and a couple of teal only Thursday. But I should come down—the horse-coper made a swift mental computation—next Wednesday evening. They'd be coming up on the tide next Wednesday evening. Ah. Up on the tide, mind. The pub. radio was blaring out "In Town To-night," and, for all it interested me, it might have been "In Town Wednesday Night." It would be true of me.

The conversation lapsed a bit, till the horse-coper had got his second pint to hand. Then he asked if we'd thought of going for the wild geese. He'd counted thirty-seven in Lidyards field up there on Monday. But you needed hard weather to get them coming in. Ah, hard weather. My host said he'd seen a big skein flying high over his house two evenings back. Here the tin-miner chipped in, without, as a matter of fact, adding anything to the discussion. He said you needed hard weather to get them down coming in. Inexpert as I am in the lore of wild geese, I could have said that myself, then. The conversa-

tion lapsed again, and the warmth of the fire and the whisky made us unashamedly drowsy.

But I asked the horse-coper, more to hide a yawn than for information, if he thought we'd get any more hard weather. The blue sting had gone out of the rain that afternoon, and there had been a soft smell about that suggested the first tendrils of spring. He didn't answer me direct. He turned towards my host and asked which way he'd seen that skein flying on Thursday. And the vague jerking of my host's thumb in answer indicated—so far as I could work out by a rapid comparison of pub. parlour, road to the flats, and flow of the Severn beyond—that they'd been going south to south-west. "Ah," said the horse-coper, "winter'll 've not gone yet, mind, if the wild geese fly that way."

If my glass had not been empty, I should have spilt its whisky, I jumped so. The Fool said that: the Fool in "Lear": one of those shivery, inconsequent Fool remarks that the commentators leave alone. Act II, sc. 4, about fifty lines from the beginning. "Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way."

RICHARD USBORNE.



C. W. B. Urmston

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"IF THE WILD GEESE FLY THAT WAY"

NORFOLK HOUSE, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE

THE TOWN HOUSE OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK

The impending destruction of Norfolk House occurs within a few months of the bicentenary of the birth of George III, an event that took place in the older house during the tenancy of Frederick, Prince of Wales.



The present house, built by Edward, ninth Duke of Norfolk, between 1748 and 1752, was designed by the elder Matthew Brettingham. Its interior is one of the most notable examples of the short-lived vogue for the rococo in England.

THE plain brown brick front of Norfolk House may not be a very inspiring piece of architecture. "Would any foreigner," asked an eighteenth century writer, "beholding an insipid length of wall broken into regular windows ever figure from thence the residence of the first Duke of England?" Yet in the very reticence of the exteriors of so many of our town houses a foreigner might see a typical expression of the Englishman's character, so reserved and outwardly unemotional, so little inclined to wear his heart on his sleeve. Behind its "length of wall," Norfolk House, however, conceals an interior of considerable grandeur, with a suite of rooms decorated with a lavishness that suggests comparisons with the departed glories of Chesterfield House. Even if it had not been one of the few survivors of its kind, its loss would have been regrettable. It is all the more melancholy, viewed

in the light of its historical associations. The house has belonged to the Dukes of Norfolk ever since it was built, and they have occupied it and its predecessor for two hundred and fourteen years. The older building, part of which still stands at the back of the present one, was the first house to be built in St. James's Square, and it was there on June 4th, 1738, that George III was born.

To discover where that event took place and why it took place where it did, it is necessary to go back nearly eighty years before it happened. The formation of St. James's Square in the early years of Charles II's reign was a speculative enterprise of that pleasure-loving courtier, Henry, Earl of St. Albans, whose surname Jermyn Street commemorates. Jermyn owed his wealth and influence to the favour of Henrietta Maria, with whom he had been during her exile in France. At

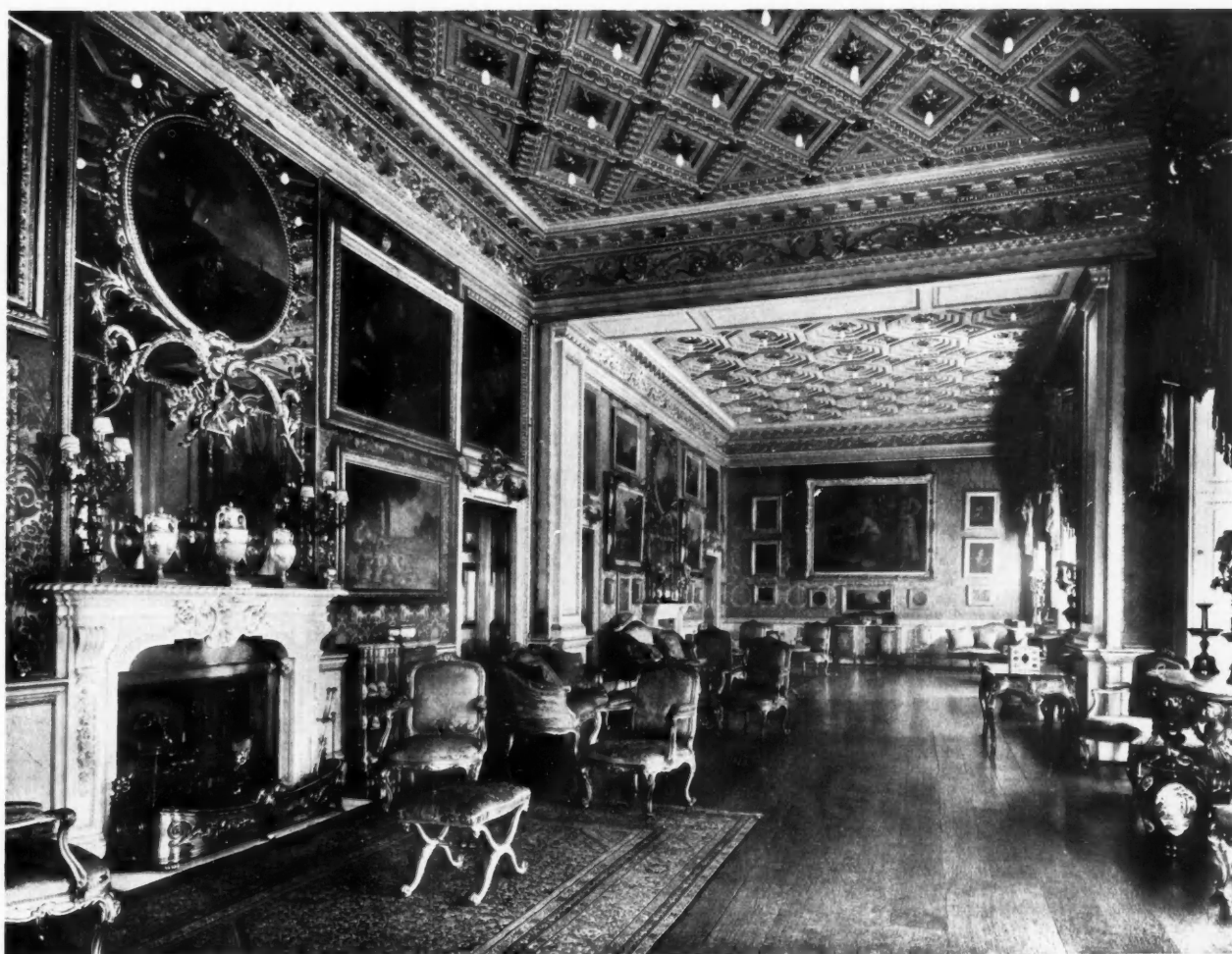


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1.—THE ENTRANCE HALL

The frieze with the Norfolk badges was copied from one in old Arundel House

"Country Life"



2.—THE SALOON, FORMED OUT OF TWO DRAWING-ROOMS



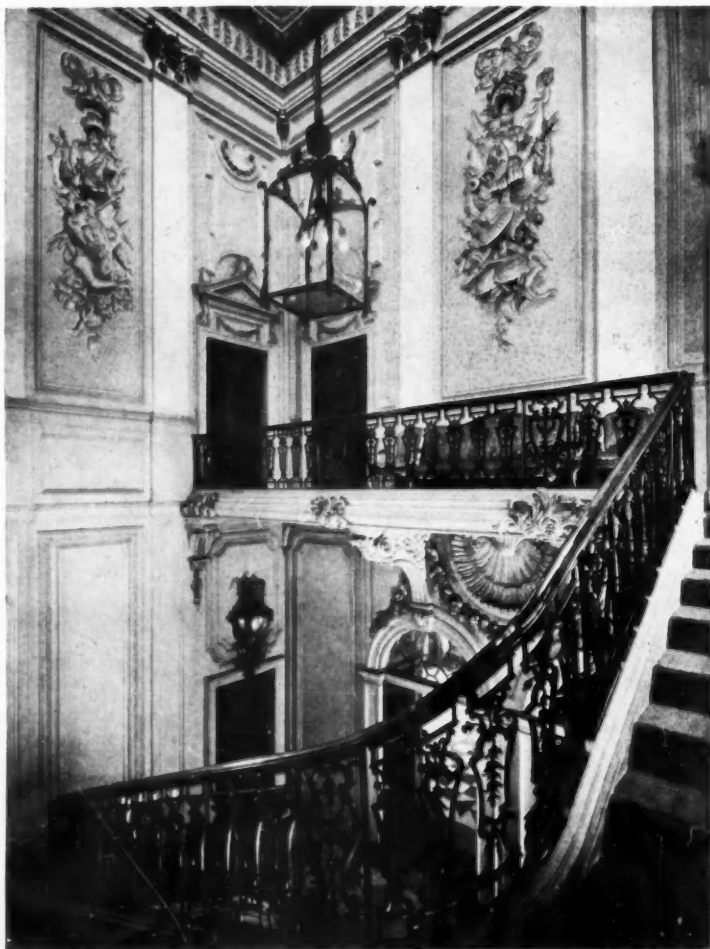
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3.—WINDOW SIDE OF THE NORTH END OF THE SALOON



"Country Life"
4.—DOORCASE IN THE SALOON



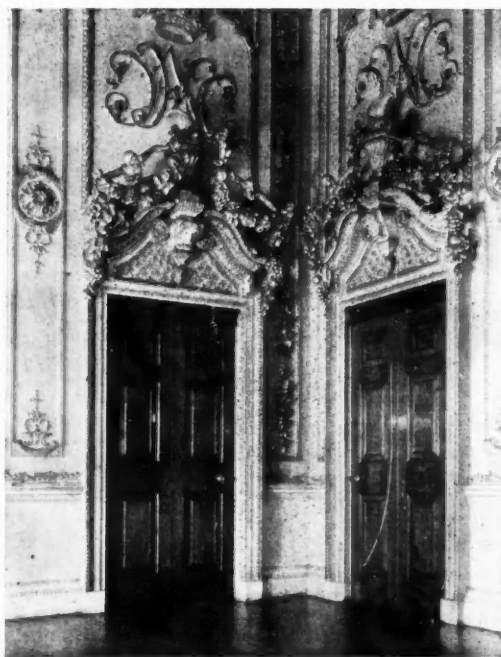
5.—WINDOW SIDE AND MIRRORS IN THE MUSIC ROOM



Copyright 6.—THE MAIN STAIRCASE "Country Life"
The military trophies in stucco are part of the original decoration

the Restoration, among many other rewards and grants of lands, he obtained first a lease, and then the freehold possession, of what were then known as Pall Mall Fields, with the object of laying out a new residential quarter with a *piazza* that would rival Covent Garden. This he proceeded to do, though, owing to various delays, nearly twenty years elapsed between the original grant of the lease (in 1662) and the completion of the buildings. Jermyn reserved for himself a plot at the south-east corner, with a frontage to the square of 65 ft., and here he built a house—the first to be erected; he was living in it by the year 1667, when it makes its first appearance in the rate books. Ten years later he transferred to the north side of the Square, selling his first house to Louis de Duras, Marquis of Blanquefort and afterwards Earl of Feversham. Two further sales took place before the Norfolk ownership begins. From 1694 to 1708 the second and third Earls of Sunderland had the house, and from 1710 to 1722 Henry Bentinck, second Earl and first Duke of Portland. The latter, on being appointed Governor of Jamaica, sold the property for £10,000 to the Duke of Norfolk.

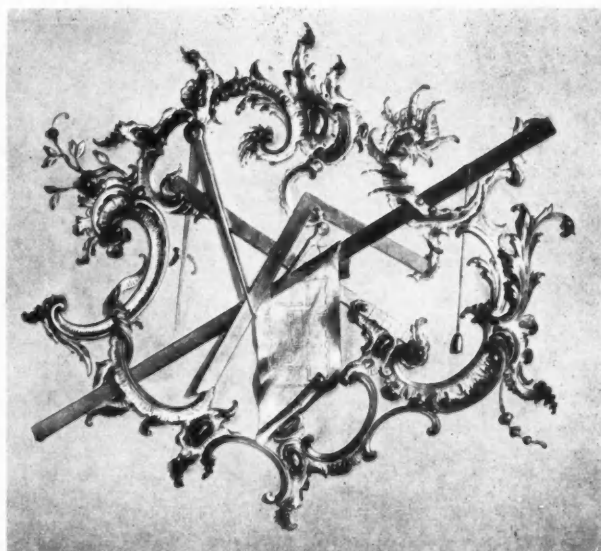
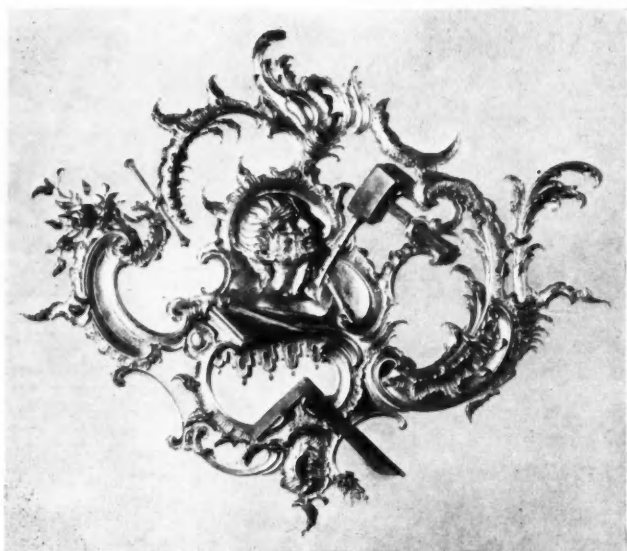
The purchaser was Thomas, eighth Duke of



7.—A CORNER OF THE BALLROOM
Revived Louis Quinze, circa 1850

Norfolk, who in his younger days had been, as his wife remained all her life, an ardent Jacobite. He died childless in 1732, when he was succeeded by his brother, Charles, the builder of the present house. The new duke and his young wife, Mary Blount, were received at the Court of George II, but also kept on good terms with the Prince of Wales, to whom they were able to render a valuable service when the final breach with the King came. It was in September, 1737, that Frederick received a peremptory order from his father to quit St. James's Palace. He retired to Kew; but within a few days all his most prominent supporters were offering him their houses. Frederick chose Norfolk House, which he rented for £1,200 a year, and moved in early in the following year. A few months later, George III was born there, as was also the Duke of York. Frederick rented Norfolk House for three years, living as economically as he could, but entertaining with balls and card parties all those of the Opposition who were rallying to his side in expectation of the downfall of Walpole.

Across the courtyard, facing the back of the house, is the building in which George III is said to have been born. It has a plain mid-eighteenth century front of stock bricks, but this appears to be only a re-facing of an earlier building. Within, on the first floor, there remains part of a large saloon,



8 and 9.—STUCCO DETAILS FROM THE MUSIC ROOM CEILING

(Left) Architecture, with a head perhaps intended for Vitruvius; (right) Surveying, with a plan of the first floor of Norfolk House

with a much damaged ceiling hitherto attributed to Thornhill, and depicting the Labours of Hercules (Fig. 11). The north end of the room has been cut up into two floors. It has been suggested that this was done during Frederick's occupation, to provide extra accommodation for his suite; more probably, these alterations, including the re-fronting of the building, occurred when the new house was built by Brettingham. The north end of the building then became a laundry; part of the vaulted ground floor has been used for over a hundred years as a muniment room.

The original St. Alban's House is sometimes stated to have had a courtyard in front of it. But Sutton Nicholl's engraving of the Square, published in 1741, shows no gap at the south-east corner: the houses are continuous and uniform. The main

portion of the old house must have fronted the Square, and was pulled down to make way for the present one. It is in that part that one would suppose the birth of George III to have taken place. But it is clear that the house extended back a long way, and it probably enclosed three sides of a courtyard facing Pall Mall. We have an account of it in a letter written by Lady Wentworth in the year 1708, when she was house-hunting for her son, the Earl of Strafford. After describing the house itself, she speaks of its extensive back premises: "two coach houses, stable for 11 horsis, rooms over for sarvents, very good offissis," a drying yard and a stable yard, and a back gate, "which I forget the street's name it goes into." Roque's plan of London shows that the stable yard was not, as now, in Charles Street, but in the street to the east—St. Alban's Street, which,



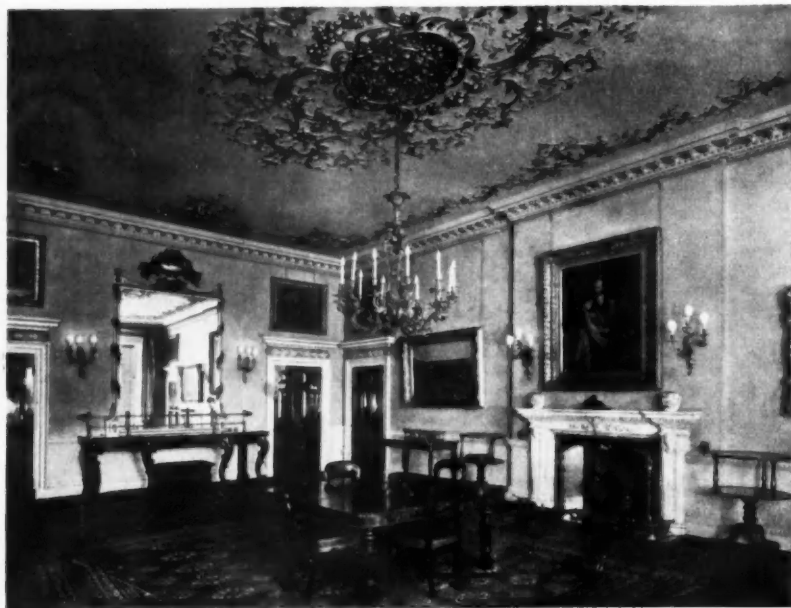
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10.—THE MUSIC ROOM. RICH ROCOCO DECORATION, circa 1750

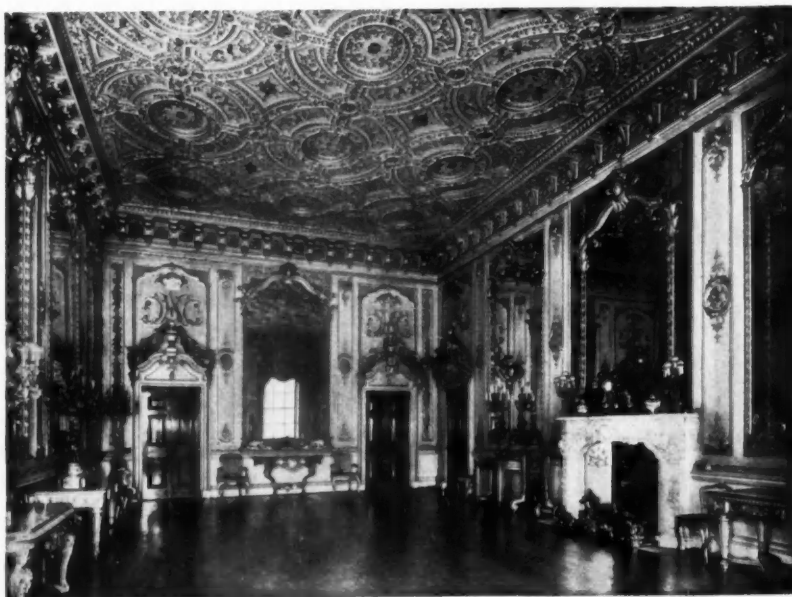
"Country Life"



11.—PART OF THE CEILING IN THE OLD BUILDING, BY PELLEGRINI OR RICCI. Circa 1710 or 1720



12.—THE DINING-ROOM



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13.—THE BALLROOM
A mid-nineteenth century return to Louis Quinze

before the formation of Waterloo Place and the curtailment of the east side of the property, ran down behind into Pall Mall. In another letter, Lady Wentworth, still full of enthusiasm, calls it "a noble house" and "soe strong that it will last for ever," and she suggests that her son may build "a gallery over the offices." Lord Strafford eventually took another house in the Square; but it looks as though the Earl of Portland, who bought the house from Lord Sunderland, did what Lady Wentworth would have done, for the saloon or gallery in the old range seems to have been built over offices.

As to the authorship of the ceiling (Fig. 11), a passage in the Vertue notebooks—for calling my attention to which I have to thank Mrs. Esdaile—shows that the attribution to Thornhill is unlikely. The fragments that remain display a mastery of baroque composition and a firmness of handling which Thornhill hardly attained, while the Tiepolesque figure of the woman in the lunette strongly suggests an Italian hand. Vertue's note reads:

At the Duke of Norfolk's house St. James's Square . . . the Paintings of Pellegrini [and] particularly of Ricci are very noble & fine that ornament the several rooms of this house.

Pellegrini was brought over to this country by the Earl of Manchester in the time of Queen Anne; his principal work is to be seen at Castle Howard. A year or two later, his master, Sebastiano Ricci, followed him here, and, according to Vertue, "excelling of Pellegrini in every respect was in some measure the occasion of Pellegrini's leaving England so soon." Ricci was also employed by the Duke of Portland to decorate the chapel at Bulstrode, and is said to have left England in disgust on finding that the commission for the painting of St. Paul's dome had been given to Thornhill. This must have been about 1715. Pellegrini, on the other hand, was back in England between 1718 and 1721, so that there are two possible dates for this ceiling. The Italianate plasterwork, with its baroque ornamentation, shows close parallels with that of the hall ceiling at Moor Park.

The building of the present house was begun in 1748. To obtain a longer frontage to the Square the Duke purchased from the executors of Joseph Banks of Revesby the adjoining house to the north, which had gone through a succession of owners since the days of its first tenant, Katherine, Countess of Newburgh. On this enlarged site the existing building arose during the years 1748 to 1752 under Matthew Brettingham's direction. The son of a Norwich mason, Brettingham made his reputation as Kent's assistant at Holkham, the decoration of which he carried on and completed after Kent's death. It is possible that the Duke may have intended to employ Kent himself, who died in the year when Norfolk House was begun. The scanty biographies of Brettingham in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and the "Dictionary of Architecture" state that he was in Italy during the years 1748 to 1751, when Norfolk House was being built; but undoubtedly it was his son of the same name, then a young man in his twenties, who accompanied Stuart and Revett at that time and who figures in Reynolds' large caricature of "the School of Athens," which he painted when he was in Rome in 1751. Brettingham is generally classed as a Palladian, and he certainly followed in the footsteps of Kent; but when he was working on his own, as at Langley Park or here, at Norfolk House, we find him adopting the newer fashion for the rococo, which became popular in the 'forties.

The exterior of the house is as

Brettingham designed it, except that the porch and balustrade were added in 1842 by Robert Abraham. The alternation of triangular and curved pediments to the first-floor windows was also to be seen on the front of Chesterfield House, which was being built at the same time and showed in its interior the same free use of rococo decoration. The gallicisms of Chesterfield House were forced on Isaac Ware by his patron, and it may be that Brettingham, too, was compelled to adopt the fashion by the Duke and Duchess, who were fond of visiting France and were received at the Court of Louis XV. The rate-books show that the house was in occupation by 1752, but its decoration went on longer, and it was not until February, 1756, that it was opened with a grand reception. Horace Walpole, who was present, gives the following account of it:

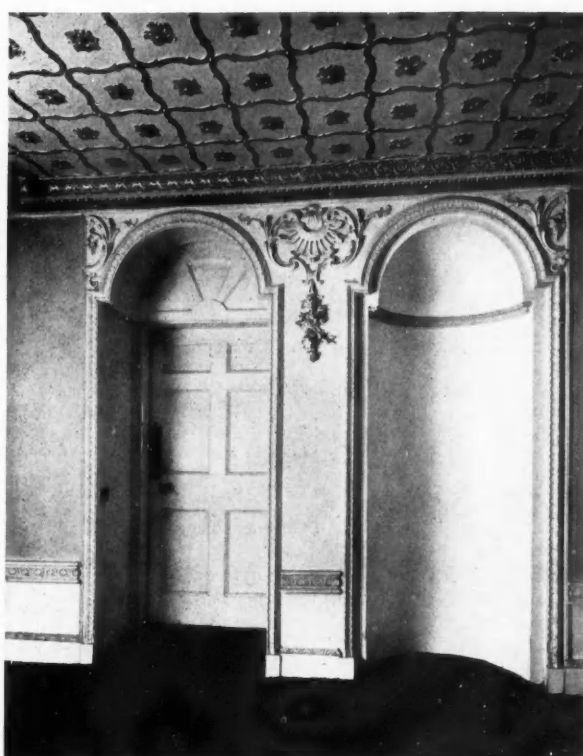
All the earth was there. You would have thought there had been a comet, everybody was gazing in the air and treading on one another's toes. In short, you never saw such a scene of magnificence and taste. The tapestry, the embroidered bed, the illumination, the glasses, the lightness and novelty of the ornaments, and the ceilings are delightful.

He goes on to quote a quip of Lord Rockingham's, in reply to someone who asked him about the scene afterwards. "Oh!

it was left by the ninth Duke and his Duchess, whose names, Edward and Mary, appear entwined in an elaborate cypher over the door in the centre of the east wall. The ceiling is divided into compartments in the usual Palladian manner, with the soffits of the ribs ornamented with guilloche; but the panels themselves frame beautifully executed rococo designs, into which are introduced emblems of the arts and sciences. The two centre panels at the ends (Figs. 8 and 9) represent architecture and surveying. In the first, with the various tools of the craft—dividers, set square, auger, mallet and chisel—appears a head, probably intended for Vitruvius; while in the second, rolled over a plumb rule, is an accurately rendered plan of the first floor of the house. The larger wall panels are carved with trophies of musical instruments, the design of which is repeated in the gilt mirrors over the fireplace and at the opposite end of the room. At first one is inclined to suspect the fireplace as a nineteenth-century introduction; but its main features—serpentine mantelshelf, canted side-pieces and shaped opening with scrolls centring in a cartouche—all appear in simpler form in a chimneypiece of undoubted 1750 date in the State bedroom. This decoration, and particularly the mirrors, is of rather an



14.—THE STATE BEDROOM HUNG WITH GOLD DAMASK



15.—A LITTLE CLOSET ADJOINING THE BEDROOM

there was all the company afraid of the Duchess, and the Duke afraid of all the company."

But it is time we followed Walpole inside, stopping first to glance at the entrance hall (Fig. 1). Ceiling, door-cases and frieze are as Brettingham designed them, the latter having for its metopes three of the Norfolk badges—the white lion, the white horse, and the talbot dog. (The dog alludes to Thomas, Earl of Arundel's marriage with the Talbot heiress.) The walls have been marbled in imitation of Siena, but the two side-tables are original. To left and right of the entrance hall are, respectively, the Duke's study and the morning room, each retaining its rococo ceiling. From the morning room runs back eastward the dining-room (Fig. 12), where we find another rococo ceiling, which is gilded and more delicately executed. The portrait over the fireplace is of Bernard, the twelfth Duke (1815-42)—"Barny" of the Creevey Papers.

The great suite of rooms is on the first floor, arranged round the staircase, a plan that Brettingham also adopted in the house in Pall Mall which he built for the Duke of York. The original staircase has given place to one of French design, but at first-floor level part of the eighteenth century treatment survives. On each wall, framed by pilasters, is a large stucco composition of military trophies (Fig. 6).

The door at the head of the stairs leads into the saloon (Fig. 2); but in making our tour of the grand suite we will start from the magnificent white and gold music room (Fig. 10), which adjoins it to the north and which also overlooks the Square. Here the original decoration remains very much as

unusual kind, having a character that is typical neither of rococo nor of the Palladians, but is intermediate between the two.

The saloon (Fig. 2), which occupies the remainder of the west side, overlooking the Square, has been formed out of two rooms, which used to be known as the Blue Drawing-room and South Drawing-room. The great mirrors, the crimson wall hangings and chair coverings, combine with the gilded ceilings to produce a magnificent effect. Walpole refers to "the glasses" and "the lightness and novelty of the ornaments." These mirrors (Fig. 3) are certainly unusual for their date, and may have been made in France or from designs supplied by a French decorator. Those over the fireplaces incorporate painted roundels of classical landscapes by Zuccarelli. Equally "novel" is the unorthodox design of the overdoors, with their masques and garlands (Fig. 4). The chimneypiece in the southern section of the room is probably an introduction of *circa* 1818, when Robert Abraham made certain alterations, including probably the present stable entrance, for the twelfth Duke; so, too, are the cast-iron firegrates, both here and in the music room. The other chimneypiece, seen in Fig. 2, is of similar character to that in the music room, and has as its central feature a head of Mercury, which is repeated in the two gilt side-tables opposite. On the walls hangs a collection of Old Masters, including two large paintings by Guercino of Old Testament scenes, which form part of a series distributed about various rooms in the house.

The sumptuous ballroom (Fig. 13), which runs eastward from the south end of the saloon, was commissioned by the

thirteenth Duke (1842-56) as the monogram HNC (for Henry Charles, or, perhaps, Henry and his Duchess, Charlotte) reveals. The greater part of the decoration is in *papier-mâché*, and it is of interest that this process, under the name of *carton pierre*, was only adapted for internal decoration in 1845. It seems unlikely that Abraham, who in his earlier days worked for Nash, and is remembered, if at all, as the architect of the old County Fire Office in Regent Street, was responsible for this early Victorian attempt to recapture the gilded magnificence of Louis Quinze. For its time it is remarkably spirited work: the monkeys over the doors, playing among the garlands of fruit and flowers, introduce a note of levity that we do not easily associate with the 1840's.

From this *galerie des glaces* we pass into the rooms on the garden side and return at once to eighteenth-century rococo. Here were the State bedroom (Fig. 14) and its dressing-room, the latter adjoining the ballroom. Both rooms are hung with gold damask and have coved ceilings lavishly decorated with gilt rococo ornament. The fireplaces in each room are original, that in the bedroom—a pretty design in Siena and jasper—continuing the rococo theme. Opposite hangs Reynolds' large

portrait of George IV as Prince of Wales—a reminder that he was a frequent visitor to Norfolk House in the days of Charles, the eleventh Duke. At the north end of the bedroom is a charming little closet with china cupboards and ornamented ceiling. The use of the niche seen in Fig. 15 is shown by its marble floor and drain. The door in the west wall of the bedroom brings us into an ante-room with enriched ceiling and stuccoed wall panels framing classical landscapes. Here, between the windows, hangs a remarkably fine pair of late seventeenth century mirrors with *verre églomisé* borders. This completes the tour of the State rooms, the other doors of the ante-room opening into the music room and on to the staircase gallery.

Though Norfolk House is not quite so perfect an example of rococo taste as was Chesterfield House, the workmanship is in some respects finer, and it is evident that the Duke obtained the best craftsmanship available, if he did not actually have the assistance of French artificers. It is sad to think that a building which represents so completely this fleeting phase of eighteenth century taste and which also has so many historical associations will shortly be in the house-breakers' hands.

ARTHUR OSWALD.

AT THE THEATRE

THE YEAR'S AWARDS

IT is the custom in America to award prizes for the year's best play and best acting performance. Might it not be rather fun to do the same thing for English plays and acting? The best English play is easily settled. The award here goes to Mr. Priestley's "Time and the Conways." The matter of acting is not so easy. First we must consider performances in classic rôles. There is Mr. John Gielgud. But the fact that his Richard II is not particularly of this year rules this beautifully-graced actor out of the competition. Next comes Mr. Laurence Olivier with a vigorous Hamlet, a contemplative Henry V, and a nervous Macbeth of fine intensity. Yes, Mr. Olivier's claim is pretty high. Mr. Emyln Williams, who is not a Shakespearean actor by stature accedes to this rank by interpretative force, and though one does not quite see eye to eye with either his Angelo or his Richard III both were performances of high merit. Miss Edith Evans enchanted us with her Rosalind, though I still think the patches and powder of Restoration London suit her better than the russet and tan of the Forest of Arden. She and Mr. Owen Nares also starred and are still starring in Mr. St. John Ervine's "Robert's Wife," though the parts allotted to them remind me of the old story of the waiter and the customer. "How did you find your steak, sir?" said the waiter, and the customer replied: "Quite easily—I lifted up a piece of potato and there it was!"

Miss Marie Ney tried a fall with Ibsen's Mrs. Alving, and it is a great credit to the actress that at the end of the piece both remained on their feet. Miss Ann Harding as Mr. Shaw's Candida is ruled out because she is not an English actress. I think, however, that we should include Miss Beatrix Lehmann in Mr. O'Neill's "Mourning becomes Electra" because although this is an American play this young actress, who had never previously made good, now more than justified the claims which have been so insistently advanced on her behalf. This is a tremendous performance, striking terror into the audience and, I suspect, giving this young lady something of a fright also. Another magnificent piece of acting is Mr. Wilfrid Lawson's in Mr. Priestley's "I Have Been Here Before." To-day is the day of experiments, and the fashionable thing is to choose some familiar masterpiece and then select as its chief exponents a pair of performers who have never before appeared in this play. Better, indeed, if they have not seen it before. Mr. Lawson and Miss Lehmann have not, to my knowledge, ever appeared as Macbeth and his Lady though they may, of course, have been present at some performance of the tragedy. In any case I suggest this casting to any management desirous of making an experiment as interesting as it would be "amusing" in the Bloomsbury sense. Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson has a lovely middle act in "Time and the Conways," though the thinness of her material in the first and third acts are against her in the matter under discussion. In "Autumn" Miss Flora Robson put up and still continues to put up a terrific piece of emotional acting which belongs to the era of the well-made play, say the St. James's Theatre in the 'nineties. And that, I think, concludes the major performances in this year's major plays. My vote for first award goes, after considerable hesitation, to Miss Lehmann, perhaps because I am more interested in Electra than in Rosalind.

Our theatre has been extraordinarily rich in performances necessarily lesser because they have occurred in connection with lesser parts or in lesser plays. Nothing could have been more amusing than the absent-minded vicar of Mr. Felix Aylmer or more entertaining than Mr. Robert Eddison's young curate in the same delightful comedy. Miss Eileen Beldon was responsible for a wonderful piece of hard-bitten Yorkshire character in one of the Priestley plays, and Miss Molly Rankin for a fine and developing character-study in another of them. Miss Joyce Barbour very nearly ran away with "George and Margaret." Miss Margaret Rawlings in "Black Limelight" contrived to behave in a beach-hut at Eastbourne very much after the manner of Cleopatra bargeing in upon the peace of Antony. Miss Pamela Stanley in "Victoria Regina" found successful answer to two questions: Could she be a little better than Miss Anna Neagle in the film? Could she be not very much behind Miss Helen Hayes in the same part in America? Miss Ena Burrill glittered through "The Road to Rome" and gloomed throughout "Crest of the Wave." Brilliant Miss Martita Hunt and clever Miss Olga Lindo in "Wise To-Morrow" made "shepherd's hey" of Shepherd Market. Mr. William Devlin went up in Mr. Auden's "The Ascent of F 6," and came down equally successfully in the Dreyfus play called "I Accuse!" Mr. Marius Goring in two ingenious murder plays, "Satyr" and "The Last Straw," made audiences feel that it was unsafe to be out after dark.

Looking retrospectively over the year, the playgoer's mind must dwell with appreciation on two tiny parts in "Victoria Regina," played with the ripe authority of experience by Mr. Allan Aynesworth and Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis. On Mr. Lewis Casson's astonishing philosopher in "I Have Been Here Before." On Mr. Wyndham Goldie's masterly partnering of Miss Robson in the drama at the St. Martin's, and of Miss Victoria Hopper's very clever little performance of the daughter in the same piece. On Miss Mary Jerrold's familiar darling of a mother in "Yes and No," which contrives to be a shade more adorable than all her previous darlings. On Miss Barbara Everest's study of a less likeable but disturbingly real kind of mother and on Mr. Mervyn Johns's sinister son-in-law in Mr. Priestley's best play. On the power and rich suggestion of Miss Laura Cowie and Mr. Robert Harris in O'Neill's great tragedy. Then there has been very recently a whole host of delicious minor performances in "Robert's Wife" at the Globe and in "I Killed the Count" at the Whitehall. Choice for the lesser award is really very difficult. Should it be Mr. David Horne for his beatific bishop in the former play? Or Mr. Antony Holles in the latter for his superb character study of an impecunious Levantine trying to wangle a fortune? Or Miss Kathleen Harrison in the same thriller with her adenoidal housemaid who sums up the whole of Bayswater below stairs? This last performance is so utterly and entirely perfect that I shall continue no further in my search. As one of the world's workers interrupted at her bed-making by a murder, her contempt for the crime, the body, the suspects, and the posse of police amounts, as Elia would say, to constellatory importance. Continuing in the mood I reach up to the firmament and take down and offer her Cassiopeia's Chair. But I feel that she will dust it first!

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A CHRISTMAS MEET—A REVIEW BY FRANCES PITT

A Sportsman's Bag, by Lionel Edwards. (Country Life, 21s.)

Seen from the Saddle, by Lionel Edwards. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 15s.)

More Fox-hunting. From *The Times*. (*The Times*, 5s.)

Bridle and Brush, by J. D. Armour. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s.)

Hunting by Ear, by Michael Berry and D. W. E. Brock. With two gramophone records. (Witherby, 21s.)

THE sound of hound voices, the sting of flying mud upon the cheek, the squelch of wet turf under the horses' hoofs, and the feel of the open country come to one as one turns over the pages of these books. What a delightful pile they make. Here in full colour are pictures by Lionel Edwards; next we have G. D. Armour writing of his experiences with his brush and when in the saddle; then we come to the reflections on hunting matters from *The Times* correspondent; we follow this by another Lionel Edwards volume, this time of pencil sketches; and finally we come to a box, bound in hunting scarlet, and find in it not only an attractive book, but two gramophone records.

This last, "Hunting by Ear," is a particularly interesting departure from the general type of hunting book, for it gives a careful account of the part, the all-important part, played in fox-hunting by "the essential sounds of the hunting field." The authors tell us of melody in the field, of hound music, about the use of the voice and horn in covert and out of it, and what those who follow should hear. These remarks are amplified by the two double-sided records, the one giving the words, commands and signals used by the huntsman and whippers-in, the other the actual sounds of the chase, and the reviewer suggests that this latter shall be put on the gramophone when the Christmas party is in full swing, so that the crashing music of the pack may add its wonderful thrill to the festivities. The persons who made the records are indeed to be congratulated on their achievement in securing the sound of the hounds, for it must have been a most difficult thing to accomplish.

But if the cry of the pack racing away over the turf stirs the blood, so will the sight of hounds, as pictured by Mr. Lionel Edwards in his "Sportsman's Bag," give rise to sighs of admiration and longing. Christmas morning will, I am sure, find many an aspiring sportsman gazing at such pictures as "Cub-hunting" and "Nearing the End," and wishing he was behind those eager hounds racing after the fox which may yet defeat them. But it must not, from this, be thought that the seventeen plates are all devoted to fox-hunting, for this is not the case, and they include stag-hunting, racing, polo, fishing, and stalking.

We again meet Mr. Edwards' inimitable art in "Seen from the Saddle," wherein we have pencil sketches of hunting scenes and episodes up and down the British Isles, from Melton to Ireland, from the Cattistock to the Lauderdale, and ever recorded as only he can sketch them. I can but repeat that it is a book to sigh over with joy at the Christmas breakfast-table.

"More Fox-hunting" embodies very readable and informative articles originally appearing in *The Times*, and is illustrated by excellent photographs. There is much in it to interest both the "old hand" and the novice.

In "Bridle and Brush" Mr. Armour gives us his reminiscences, "beginning at the beginning" and going on through a varied career, in which pencil and brush have ever been his companions, from his first attempts to draw when between six and seven years old to the finished work of later days. Sketches in his characteristic style illustrate this book, which covers so wide a field of sport and travel that the would-be reader must be left to explore it for himself.

Ghosts, by Edith Wharton. (Appleton-Century, 7s. 6d.)

Further Stories from Lord Halifax's Ghost Book. (Bles, 8s. 6d.)

IN these two volumes there are cold shivers enough to make any winter fireside attractive and going up to bed well nigh impossible. You can take your choice between Mrs. Wharton's frank admission that her ghosts are creations of the novelist's brain—and a gruesome and charnel-house lot they are, though not all ghosts in the most exact sense—and the late Lord Halifax's far drier stories, which have the added value of being, as far as such things can be, true tales, with chapter, verse and origin given. One of them tells of a man who, driving at night, gave a lift to a stranger waiting on a bridge, and was much annoyed when, as they stopped at an inn, his passenger got down without a word and went inside. The driver, following, described him to the landlord and asked where he had gone, only to be led into a room where the dead body of his fellow traveller, taken hours before from the river by which they had met, was lying on the bed. A good shiver-creator for those who have to drive home alone after the party.

nevertheless a psychological trick (which I do not propose to reveal) which enabled me to identify the murderer in "Death on the Nile" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.), even before the murder was committed. But this did not spoil my enjoyment of a very clever and cruelly planned murder, in the interesting setting of tourist Egypt, and adorned with Mrs. Christie's usual shrewd characterisation and witty dialogue; and it is refreshing for an author to have no compunction in killing off a blonde, rich, and beautiful young heroine. Mr. Wade, in "The High Sheriff" (Constable, 7s. 6d.), has no psychological idiosyncrasies to help us find the murderer, and springs a very pretty surprise in his last chapter. His book, which does not follow the orthodox plan of his last few, might be called a study in conscience, both its sensibilities and its blind spots. It has an added attraction in containing many lively and realistic hunting and shooting scenes. It is a book which should please and interest a good many types of readers. Much as I admire Mr. John Rhode's impeccable construction and faithful detail, I think he neglects his characters a little. The result is that the reader is seldom long deceived about the murderer. "Proceed With Caution" (Crime Club, 7s. 6d.) has a beautifully contrived double investigation and an entirely new hiding-place for the body—a tar-boiler; but, expert as the mechanism is, the story is a little blighted by the smug inhumanity of Dr. Priestley, who always seems to me to combine the parts of chorus and *deus ex machina* in a rather irritating way. All the same, this book, like all Mr. Rhode's, is in the top class of detective stories. I am much attached to Inspector Burkiss, and he has an extremely good case in "Scandal at the Home Office" (Frank A. Clement, Longmans, 7s. 6d.), starting with the truly entrancing situation of the Home Secretary being chloroformed and trussed up in his own office by one of his own under-secretaries. There are some very lively portraits of various types of Civil servants; I think one point of probability is stretched in the plot, but it is a good, interesting story. Shipboard murders have been done before, but hardly ever so ingeniously as in "Murder in the Suez Canal" (Walker Taylor; Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.), in which Commander Wraithlea has a most complicated tissue of ship gossip and medical technicalities to unravel. The rich but dyspeptic Mr. Farrel has to have a sudden operation while the s.s. *Ecusia* is in the Suez Canal, and most unexpectedly dies of it. I find Mr. Taylor's leaps backwards and forwards in time confusing, and his dialogue is sometimes stilted; but the plot is clever, the red herrings well dragged, and all the details of the ship and the sea and the scenery most convincing.

A. C. H.

Gun for Company, by E. C. Keith. (Country Life, 10s. 6d.)

NORFOLK is a shooting country which notoriously admits of no comparison, for it carries a head of game which is second to none, and it provides in addition a great deal of duck and wild-fowl shooting. Mr. Keith takes us through all varieties of game, though it is evident that his predilection is for the partridge; but, apart from the very sound views he expresses on rearing and shooting, his pages are informed with a keen sympathy for all living creatures. He shoots for sport, but he is anxious that all who do so should shoot as sportsmen. This is more than ever necessary to-day, when the town syndicate is often not very knowledgeable about country matters and the yardstick of success is the quantity of the bag rather than the quality of the day. The shooting of partridges too late in the afternoon or too late in the season—these are all familiar crimes which keepers commit and syndicates permit in the interest of the all-engulfing "bag." The illustrations by J. C. Harrison have the delicate quality of studies from a bird artist's notebook, and show birds in arrested motion in well chosen and natural attitudes which are a welcome change from the stereotyped positions usually favoured by bird illustrators. The book is well written and well reasoned, for it is the result of much personal experience. It should find a place on all sportsmen's shelves.

H. B. C. P.

The Coloured Counties, by Charles Bradley Ford. (Batsford, 8s. 6d.)

"To show the diversity of landscape and rural buildings still accessible in England to-day and by the use of authentic colour illustration to convey something of the matchless natural beauty still at hand about us is the immediate purpose of this primer."

THESE few lines taken from the introduction to "The Coloured Counties," although divorced from their context, sum up the purpose and aim of this book. Certainly it is unique, for it must be the first book to be published illustrated entirely by reproductions in colour from direct colour transparencies. In that respect the book is outstanding, and if some of the ninety-two illustrations, all from Dufaycolor films, do seem to suffer from *over-coloration*, it can be put down to the process chosen for reproduction; but it is only fair to say that had ordinary colour half-tone been used as the medium for printing, costs would most likely have prevented publication. There is also the difficulty that, whatever the printing process chosen, the results of printing many subjects together cannot equal those that would be obtained by printing each subject separately. In spite of these criticisms, Messrs. Batsford and the author, who writes in his usual charming manner, are to be congratulated on having so early in the day collaborated in publishing such a volume. This is the kind of book which, in the course of time, will be demanded by the public, who will desire to have all subjects illustrated in their natural colours.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

OUT OF AFRICA, by Karen Blixen (Putnam, 12s. 6d.); RIVER TO RIVER, by Stephen Gwynn (Country Life, 10s. 6d. and £3 3s.); THE ENGLISH GARDEN, by Ralph Dutton (Batsford, 7s. 6d.); FROM THE GROUND UP, by A. R. Powys (Dent, 6s.); GOLF, ITS RULES AND DECISIONS, by Richard S. Francis (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.); FICTION: NO INNOCENT ABROAD, by C. P. Rodocanachi (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.); THE SILVER LAND, by J. M. Scott (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.); THE FUGITIVE, by Clare Meredith (Rich and Cowan, 6s.).

MODES IN MURDER

IN the game of skill which detective-story writers play with their readers, the latter, having to compete with so much ingenious cunning, must take their advantages where they can. One of these is a knowledge of the author's psychology; the murder is more likely to be done by a duke than a dustman in the Coles, Roman Catholics are always innocent in Father Knox and Chesterton, and so on. Mrs. Christie, who is unequalled at concealing the identity of her murderer, has

A KENTISH YEOMAN'S HOUSE



THE OLD HOUSE, WEST HARRIETSHAM



THE SWEEP OF ROOFS AT THE BACK OF THE HOUSE



THE ROOM WITH THE KING-POST OF THE OLD HALL

BETWEEN the Dover road and the main road that runs through Tonbridge to Hastings and Rye, some of the real Kent still remains like an island, where men live and cultivate the land around their homes very much as they did in Harry Tudor's day. Perhaps for this reason the villages, with their long, steep-roofed farmhouses fronting the street, show the history of country building more clearly, I think, than anywhere else in the south of England. West Harrietsham is one of the villages I have in mind; and Old Bell Farm, renamed "the Old House" by Miss E. M. Vinson, who lives in it and guards it, is one of the farms.

The first drawing shows the front elevation, with an irregular line of the box-like ends of rooms, and into the darkness of the eaves curving timbers go up as though they supported the whole weight of the roof. They are ship-like timbers, though whether they were in fact the ribs of a ship, old when they were built into the house, may be doubted. Ship-building and house-building were allied trades then; master carpenters built the King's warships, and the designer of warships is called a "naval architect" to-day.

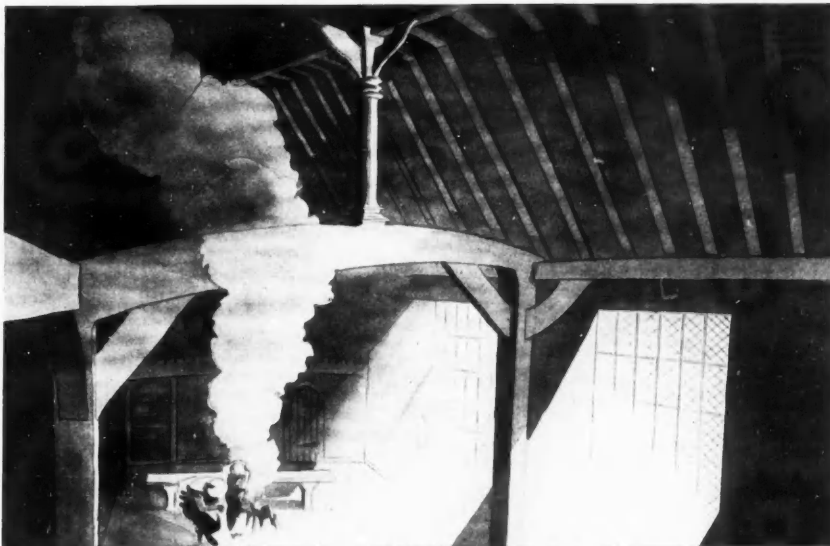
But, though parts of old ships may occasionally have been built into houses, the practice can never have been common inland. Before the days of roads, it was enough of a business dragging the oak logs to the ship-building yards (a process that sometimes took two years, owing to the impossibility of carting during the winter), for the toil to be repeated in the opposite direction. And, after all, what was the point of carrying timber to the Weald, rich in primeval oak wood?

The fronts of houses are inclined to change with changing fashion; it is at the back that most history can be seen, so let us scramble up on to the convenient cart-shed roof from which the second drawing was made.

On the left, the house roof stretches down to within a few feet of the earth and covers a shed that is used for stock now. So houses were built in the earliest times, when a man and his family, his oxen and his pullen, and the tools that he used and the corn that he kept were all protected and guarded under the same roof. So this roof takes us back to the earliest farmhouse buildings in England. In thought it can take us back much further. Now at Christmas it is a thought worth thinking that probably farmhouse building had reached this stage in Palestine when Christ was born, and Joseph and Mary, overtaken by the night, had put up at a wayside farmhouse where the owner, having the "house-part" already full of pilgrims, could only offer them the end where his cattle usually slept. Any Kentish parson who wonders where a nativity play ought to be performed might well think over this.

The chimney, the skylight, and the dormer window seen behind the ridge of the kitchen roof are closely related in history. The chimney comes first. At first, it was only a hole in the roof—the smoke-hole—that served as window and chimney combined; so when a man lay down by his fire at night to sleep he had only a murky view of the stars. But in course of time the window—or “wind-door,” as at first it was called—was given a place of its own elsewhere in the roof, and later, much later, when a part of the roof was “ceiled in” and bedrooms were made upstairs, there came the dormer window that showed a man a little more than the stars when he lay down (*dormir*) to sleep.

The third drawing shows the room where the king-post is. Before the roof was “ceiled in” and upstairs rooms were made, the height of the hall was the distance from the floor to the roof-ridge, and there the king-post stood high up in the smoke that swirled by on its way from the central hearth to the smoke-hole. It was the household god. But the smoke was a nuisance. A ceiling was laid across the roof and a “smoke’s room” was made under the ridge, and there the king-post went into exile, to be blackened and crusted, but also preserved, until it should reappear in this room where it is to-day. In the interval, generally in the sixteenth century, a brick chimney replaced the open hearth, dividing up the open hall and conveying the smoke of two or three fires through the roof.



“THE HALL AS IT WAS ONCE, WITH THE KING-POST RULING THERE”
Floor and chimney removed, and the fire on the open hearth

The fourth drawing is an attempt to show how it would look if the floor and the chimney were removed and we could see the hall as it was once, with the king-post ruling there, and the smoke lifting up to preserve the timbers of the great ship-like roof.

JAMES KENWARD.

GOLF BY BERNARD DARWIN

A CHRISTMAS FOURSOME

“MY honest brother sportsmen. This is Christmas Day. In health no man can be more hearty but not quite stout in my knees and feet; stomach invincible—always an appetite . . . I gave a dinner yesterday to a dozen sportsmen; we had roast beef, plum pudding, Yorkshire goose-pie and sat up singing till two this morning. At 12 we had two broiled fowls, gizzards, etc., and finished a bottle of old rum in punch. No intoxication; for I went to bed well and never rose better.” That is an extract from the jolliest Christmas letter I know, written in 1821 by the famous Colonel Thornton, and, though the Colonel was no golfer, it yet makes as cheerful a start as I can think of to an article dated December 25th and wishing all good golfers a merry Christmas.

Christmas Day is, to be sure, not much of a golfing day, since, apart from the weather—and it has been difficult not to talk of the weather in this December—there are so many things to eat and so many other things to do. Still, perhaps it may be permissible to indulge ourselves in fancy and play in imagination the perfect Christmas round. In his “fireside pantomime” of “The Rose and the Ring,” Thackeray, after giving an account of a royal meal, says in a footnote that a very pretty game can here be played by each child announcing what he or she likes best for dinner. So each golfer may here, if he will, do something of the same sort. He may translate my Christmas round into his language and imagine himself playing his own round on his own favourite course and with his own particular friends. So let us start on those terms. To begin with there can only be one round, if only because I am, like Colonel Thornton, “not quite stout” in my back and my leg, and one will be enough. Moreover, the afternoon light will not hold for a second, if the golfer, be he never so active, has done his duty by the turkey and plum pudding for luncheon. So there shall be just one round in the morning to give us an appetite for the doughty deeds to be done afterwards.

Now, as this is my chosen round, it must and shall be played on a seaside course. To play it inland is to take too great a risk of mud and winter rules; and, besides, there is no golf quite so heavenly as that on a seaside course on a fine winter’s day. As to the particular course, I will not be so invidious as to name it; there are many that would ideally serve the purpose: but I do insist that the game be a foursome. There is a friendliness and heartiness—we must be allowed to be hearty on this one day—which the best of singles cannot give. It must be made carefully beforehand, not without some little arguing about the odds, and that argument must end by one side or the other saying: “Who is going to stick out for two strokes on Christmas Day? We’ll play you level.” When made, it must

be played seriously and yet not too seriously; there must be on either side a proper desire for victory, and I think that half-crown corners will neither make us nor break us. Let me say parenthetically and in advance that no money will pass, because, of course, the ideal Christmas game must end in a halved match.

We have gone to bed, not too late, but late enough to see Christmas in, and have taken a last hopeful look out of the window on a clear, still night: not, I think, a night of too many stars, since they might frighten us with the prospect of a frozen course. It is fine and still when we get up, and there shall be just a touch of frost and no more. As we step out anxiously on to the lawn before breakfast, the grass shall feel crisp but not really hard under foot; we shall know that the last trace of bone will be away when we start, and if there be a little wetness on the turf so much the pleasanter. And so, after a good breakfast—which, in my personal opinion, should contain sausages—a short walk to the links, and the great match starts. It is not essential that we should all four play perfectly, for that is a thing that only happens in day-dreams; but nobody must play badly enough for him or his partner to grow depressed, and there must be no really short putts missed. The very merriest golfer cannot, in his heart of hearts, be amused at missing short putts himself, and on Christmas Day no one wants to profit by the absurdly short ones missed by the enemy. Indeed, there will be a general trend towards mutual generosity in this regard. On the other hand, there should be one or two really long ones holed by either side, and even, perhaps, since this is Christmas Day, a chip from off the green. Certainly there must be at least one niblick shot laid miraculously dead from a horrid place, and all these accidents must be hailed by both sides, not exuberantly, but with a seasonable cheerfulness.

Neither side must ever have too great an advantage, since in that case there must be a landslide of holes in favour of the other, and those who once held a winning lead may still feel a little remorse when they come home to the turkey. Two holes represent, I think, the longest lead on either side throughout the match, and there must be reasonably rapid fluctuations, with some exciting tit-for-tats. And now, how exactly is the happy ending to be attained? Is one side to be dormy one, to be robbed of victory not by their own mistakes but by a gallant finish on the other side? I think not. I would rather have the match all square with two to play and the last two holes played by both sides with a glorious steadiness and in rigid par figures. Each party must come near to holing the last putt, yet not so near as to deem themselves unlucky, and both balls must be so close to the hole that “Halved” is exclaimed simultaneously. That surely will send all four of us home in the ideal temper for luncheon.

COCK-FIGHTING in the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

By ADAIR DIGHTON, F.R.C.S.

THE origin of the fighting cock and so of the pastime of cock-fighting is lost in dim antiquity. Some aver that the sport is the oldest in the world. Pliny tells us that at Pergamos in Asia there was an annual exhibition of it so far back as 480 B.C. A Roman silver coin dating from about 42 B.C. bears an engraving of two cocks fighting. Julius Cæsar was an enthusiastic "cocker," but on his successful visit to England found the sport firmly established with game fowl that had probably been introduced by the Phœnicians. Moving on up the years, Fitzstephen, in the reign of King William II, writes that "Every year at Shrove Tuesday, the schoolboys delight themselves all the forenoon in cock-fighting." King Henry VIII established the Royal pit at Westminster; and under Queen Elizabeth the sport flourished, when the immortal Sir Francis Drake is credited with having introduced the White game fowl—afterwards to become the foundation of the famous Cheshire Pyles—from China. King James I was another Royal enthusiast, but his son, Charles I, took no interest in it, and, at his death, Cromwell prohibited it, as he did most other things. King Charles II, however, revived it, and once again it became the national sport. So it continued through the reign of King James II and in those of King William, Queen Anne, and the first three King Georges.

This period practically covered the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. During it the establishments and equipage of the patrons of the sport were as extensive as those devoted to the breeding and training of the thoroughbred to-day. The twelfth Earl of Derby bred game fowl on a scale without parallel. At times he had as many as three thousand cocks at walk on his estates. A clause in the leases of his farms stipulated that the tenants should walk cocks for their landlord. The names of owners were then associated with the colour of their cocks, as they are with the colours of their racing jackets and caps at the present time. The Derby Reds were as much a household word as the "Black, white cap" is in the other sphere to-day. Sir Francis Boynton, whose family is still connected with the famous Burton Agnes Stud in Yorkshire, was famed for his Red Duns. The name of Mr. Joe Gillman of Birmingham was linked up with his Greys. That of Vauxhall Clark brought to mind the Brown Reds, though his grey cock, Phenomenon, won the gold cup at Westminster and formed the subject of a painting by Sidney Edwards. Mr. Richard Gurney, a Quaker banker at Norwich, had a famous strain of Pies. Dr. Bellyse, the Cheshire doctor, was as famous for his Brown Reds as for his pills. The Cholmondeleys, the Egertons and the Warburtons pinned their names to Cheshire Pyles, and across the water in Ireland Mr. O'Callaghan was best known through his Yellow Birehens, one of whom won the deciding battle in a famous main that was fought at the Cock-Pit Royal in Dublin on March 17th, 1792, for 10gs. a battle and 1,000gs. the main.

These terms "battle" and "main" need explanation. A "cock match" was made in a most business-like way, with articles—of which, by the way, Mr. Felix Leach of Newmarket has an original copy—worthy of a legal luminary. Each of the two owners participating in the match undertook to produce a certain number of cocks upon a certain date. In the early

times these were then matched by measuring; but soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century matching by weight came into favour, and the rule read "All cocks within 1 oz. of each other, under 5 lbs., and all cocks within 2 oz. of each other, at 5 lbs. or over are to be matched unless otherwise stated in the Articles of Agreement." Matched up like this according to weight, the lightest brace were fought first, and so upwards until the heaviest were last into the ring. Each fight was termed a "battle," and the winner of the "main" was the owner whose cocks had won most battles. This was the ordinary procedure; but there were two other ways of fighting.

In the one—a Welch Main—any number of owners entered a cock apiece at a specified weight for a certain sum each, and the cocks were then fought on the usual lines of a knock-out tournament, the final winner taking the stakes. In the other—a Battle Royal—any number of persons each entered a cock for a specified sum, and all the cocks were put in a pit together and allowed to "get on with it" until only two remained, when these two were lifted by their respective owners and set to decide things between them in the usual way. I can find no official record of any of these "Welch Mains" or "Battle Royals," but the results of all the more important ordinary cock matches that had taken place during the year and the arrangements of those to come in the following year are given with the "Rules of Cocking," in the annual volumes of Heber's "Historical List of Horse-Matches Run" and in Messrs. Weatherby's "Racing Calendar" up to and inclusive of the issue of 1840.

To return to the cocks. An important—in fact, very important—part of the game-fowl entourage were the "feeders" and "setters," who can be likened to the racehorse trainers and jockeys of to-day. Ranking in their analogous sphere with Mr. Jack Jarvis of Newmarket, Mr. Joe Lawson of Manton, and Mr. Fred Darling of Beckhampton, were such as Potter, who "fed" or trained for Lord Derby; Davis, who had charge of Lord Sefton's birds; Howell Morgan, who was responsible for those belonging to the King; Ouldred, who fed for Lord Mexborough; and—



"THE COCK'S SHRILL CLARION";
A CHALLENGE TO ALL COMERS

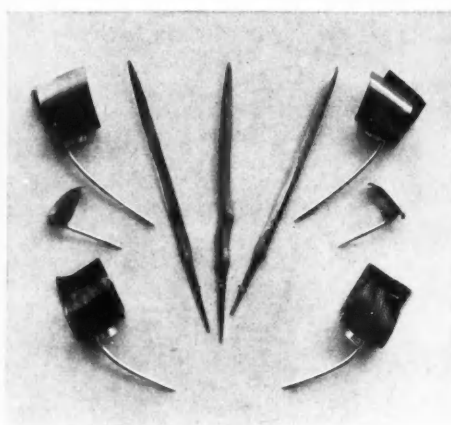


Frank Griggs COCK-FIGHTING RELICS IN MR. FELIX LEACH'S COLLECTION AT NEWMARKET

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Frank Griggs



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(Left) A REFEREE'S CHAIR. From Mr. Felix Leach's collection. (Centre) COCK SPURS. In the centre, spurs from the Dutch East Indies; above, old-time Singleton spurs; at the bottom, later English spurs, and between them, straight French spurs. (Right) JOE GILLIVER, last remaining descendant of the famous "feeder", Joseph Gilliver

possibly the most famous of all—Joseph Gilliver, a native of a village near Tamworth, Warwickshire, who had many patrons, including Squire Featherstone, Captain White, General Yates, Mr. Sitwell, and others. These "feeders," like racehorse trainers, had their various methods. The time expended on the preparation of a cock for a fight varied from nine to fourteen days. Every "feeder" had his own ideas of training. He had, moreover, his own secret recipe for the "cock-bread" which formed the major part of the diet. Contrary to expectations, there was no "dope" in this. Cocks fought then as they would now if they had the chance, without the aid of stimulants. Joseph Gilliver has left a descendant in Joe Gilliver, whose picture appears here and who feeds Mr. Leach's famous "Greys" for exhibition at the Oxford Old English Game-Fowl Club Show each year. One cannot help wondering whether, as Gilliver watches the birds in their pens in the Corn Exchange at Oxford, he ever yearns to let them loose and stage a "Battle Royal"!

Most famous of those counterparts to Stephen Donoghue, Gordon Richards and Co. in the racing world, who operated as "setters," were Owen Probyn, "an asthmatic, death-like man esteemed three battles in a main better than his compeers"; Harry Gum; Harry Booth; Young Nash; Tom Davis; and the Scottish "setter," Graham Stool.

It remains to mention the spurs. The laymen, headed by

Wesley, looked upon these as the brutal part of cock-fighting. The cocking enthusiast of more humanitarian feelings realised that when two cocks fought with their natural weapons, the end would of necessity be a slow and painful one. To obviate this he and his fellow sportsmen, in all parts of the globe, introduced the artificial spur. The first record of these occurs in a Duke of Rutland's diary. Under date of April 6th, 1698, it is stated that he "paid Mr. Sherbourne for six pairs of cock-spurs, at Newmarket, three pounds." The early ones were of silver alloy, and an industry flourished in England for their manufacture. John Clay was one of the leading makers, and other prominent ones were Thomas Smith, Toulmin, and Thomas Groves. Mr. Leach has good examples of all these marked as they usually were by some sign denoting their origin. In course of time the secret of the silver alloy was lost. Steel superseded silver. In place of the silver-spur makers, Singleton of Dublin, Watling of Exeter, Kendrick of Redditch, and William Tepin of Bloxwich turned out weapons of the new material.

To-day these implements, with the pictures of cocks by Alken, Ben Marshall, Pollard, and Sartorius; the china models of fighting-cocks in the famous Staffordshire ware; and the other etceteras that go to complete a collection like that of Mr. Felix Leach, serve only to remind us of a sport that interested our forefathers.



THE COCKPIT, BY HOGARTH

CORRESPONDENCE

THE HOME OF THE OSPREY TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE may perhaps be interested to see a photograph of the ruined castle of Loch-an-Eilan in Inverness-shire, which was one of the last homes of the osprey in Scotland. Here, in the ruins of the castle in the loch, lying in the forest of Rothiemurchus and under the shadow of the Cairngorm Mountains, they had their nest, and until recently the remains of the foundation was still to be seen. Each April the birds returned, and for years they nested undisturbed; then, in spite of the protection given them, the eggs were taken, year after year, by collectors, until at last the ospreys came back no more.

There is a tradition, I am told, that when the ospreys leave Loch-an-Eilan the Grant family will disappear also from Speyside.—
H. RAIT KERR.

EGG-EATING SNAKES

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—The interesting article on the egg-eating snake of South Africa and Western Africa in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE prompts the question: "To what extent are our British vipers and grass snakes egg-eaters?" A statement I made to *The Times* during the summer of 1933 caused no small measure of excitement among herpetologists, the following being an extract: "A whinchat's nest I found containing six eggs, upon being visited some days later, contained not whinchats' eggs but a fine grass snake which had snugly tucked himself into the lining of the nest. A week later the whinchats had re-built near by and when this nest contained five eggs I missed them also. Three weeks afterwards I disturbed a fine 3ft. 6in. grass snake in the vicinity of the empty nest, the snake at once sliding into an adjacent hole. I attempted to dig him out. Imagine my surprise when, some fifteen inches in the hole, in a small pocket of earth, I found, in perfect condition, the five whinchats' eggs which had so mysteriously disappeared three weeks previously." This letter brought me some intensely interesting correspondence from that eminent authority on reptiles, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Elliot, who, after discussing my notes with Dr. Burgess Barnett, informed me that the experience of the Regent's Park Zoo authorities is "that most serpents are not to be tempted by these delicacies" (eggs).

The following year, at Lieutenant-Colonel Elliot's urgent request, I was pleased to conduct a series of observations on eighteen pairs of pied wagtails and their persecution by grass snakes in a local chalk quarry which had an almost bare floor, i.e., a surface free from vegetation and from which escape for vermin would have been impossible. The quarry was watched incessantly day after day from daylight till dark, the movements of hawks and owls being carefully observed, and searches made for traces of rats or other destructive mammals. The wagtails commenced to nest before the end of April, and by the middle of May there were eggs in practically all the nests. Three of the pairs responsible for clutches of six eggs each were robbed of every single egg before any



LOCH-AN-EILAN IN INVERNESS-SHIRE

young had been hatched out by other wagtails in the quarry. Later, two nests of the second round were clean robbed, while two others both lost some of their contents. In one of these latter two punctured eggs were left behind, and in the other three. This was at a time when young birds were to be found in neighbouring nests. Still later in the year five nests were robbed of their fledglings; but on no occasion did I find that eggs already incubated had been touched! I searched unavailingly among the masses of loose chalk for the robbers, and at long last turned my attention to a heap of scrapped corrugated iron sheets which were lying in a remote corner of the pit. In the sweltering sun the topmost sheets were too hot to handle, though the ends of some of them were resting in a shallow pool of water. The trouble was here, however, for beneath the lower sheets I unearthed seven writhing grass snakes, two of which were well over 3ft. long. The observations proved that the ratio of eggs taken to the number laid was exceedingly low, proving, I think, that these "delicacies" are only taken for food as a last resource.—
GEO. J. SCHOLEY.

ST. CUTHBERT'S DUCK

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It would be interesting to learn how many places in the British Isles have some especially characteristic beasts or birds. To antiquarian, islander, and naturalist alike, Holy Island, off the grim coast of Northumberland, and its saints, Aidan and Cuthbert, have as living witness the most beautiful of all ducks, the eider, who never deserts the island's rocky shore the year through. Truly, he is St.

Cuthbert's Duck; but the islanders have shortened his saintly patronymic to the Culvert's Duck. At high water a circular knoll of brown reef is isolated from the island's cliffs. Here the bones of St. Cuthbert were interred a second time, because, in his first resting-place in the abbey, he had been disturbed by the bad language of the fishermen passing to and from their boats. A cross marks his empty tomb on the tiny reef, and his spirit clings to it in the guise of the eider, who swims only over a rocky floor.

Empty tomb, for the saint found no peace in his new haven, where the wailing of the gulls jarred his sepulchral nerves, so that he was borne across the wide sands to Chester-le-Street. But there the Danes threatened his sanctity, and only in his fourth burial site at Durham has he enjoyed a thousand years of tranquillity—so far as I am aware.

His spirit bird is very lovely. On the wave-pitted reefs studded with limpets I have sat hours, marvelling at the exquisite hues of the drake eider, when the sun lit the lilac flush arching from the intense black of the belly into the silver of the breast. A faint lilac suffuses the glistening white back over the black flanks, just as the wonderful pastel green at the nape tinges the white neck with the palest of greens, and a yellow tinting washes all the wings. And then, as perfect foil, the shapely black crown is split into half-moon caps by a narrow white channel running back from black brow.—
RICHARD PERRY.

A WAPITI HEAD

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—It is difficult, from the photograph on page 512 of your issue of November 20th, to see what claims the wapiti head there figured possesses to be considered one of the most beautiful in the world, as it seems very lacking in type and symmetry, especially in regard to the lumpy and ill-formed tops.

A good wapiti head should have brow, bay and tray tines, a very long and well shaped fourth tine, and a terminal fork. Exceptional heads will even show a fifth tine between the long fourth and the terminal fork.—
TAVISTOCK.

WARLIKE MOORHENS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Moorhens are ever pugnacious birds, and from early spring until their breeding affairs are settled life is hectic for them. They have a strong sense of territory, and a pair in possession of a nesting area are ever ready to do battle in its defence and to drive off trespassers. Cock goes for cock, and hen attacks hen, the combatants throwing themselves on their backs and combing one another with their feet. This remarkable snapshot shows a battle in progress, the birds supporting themselves in the water with their wings and using their claws with great effect. The photographer tells us he obtained this record on Sunday, October 3rd, an unusually late date for a duel, the more remarkable in that the combat was continued to the bitter end, otherwise until one bird was pushed under and held there, when the victor joined his mate.—
P.



A WATER FIGHT



Y FERI LWYD

A WELSH CHRISTMAS CUSTOM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—An interesting old Christmas custom survives in a few Welsh villages where the custom of Y Feri Lwyd is still practised. This consists of the carrying from house to house by a party of wassailers of a horse's skull decorated and draped. Verses to a quaint old tune are sung—often impromptu. The singers outside challenge those inside to a contest of wit expressed in impromptu verse. If the outsiders win, then they may demand entrance, to be regaled with cakes and ale, after which a song of good luck to the household is sung. The custom appears to be a debased remnant of a mystery play of the Middle Ages. The Meri Lwyd suggests "merry ludere"—the merry play (*c.f.* interlude).—FREDERIC EVANS.

THE CHAR OF WINDERMERE

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—I was much interested in your recent editorial note concerning the char of Windermere. There is, I am afraid, no doubt about their decreasing numbers, and that in spite of the fact that, nowadays, comparatively few are caught. An unusual method of capturing char, known as "plumb-lining," is, I believe, peculiar to Windermere. It is a complicated way of fishing, by which twelve to fourteen spinning baits are kept simultaneously revolving at different levels behind a slowly rowed boat. Those practising this little-known branch of angling are now few in number, but occasionally good bags are still made.

The Lake District char is not, of course, confined to Windermere, but occurs in most of the deeper lakes. As a boy, when netting was regularly practised, I have seen huge hauls made in Crummock Water of these beautiful fish.

The largest char I ever caught with a rod weighed just over 11lb., and the biggest of which I have personal knowledge was cut out of a newly killed cormorant and tipped the

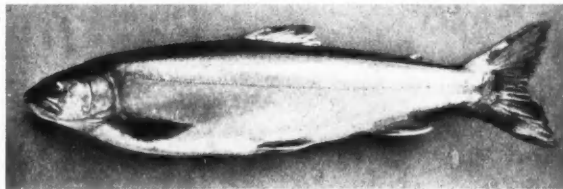
scales at 14 oz. Fish of eight to ten ounces are quite common.

Char go about in shoals, and, on different days, are to be found at greatly varying depths—hence the "plumb line." In my experience, these fish are at their best in July, August and September, when their stomachs will be found distended with various species of daphnia, known collectively as fresh-water plankton.—M. S. W.

ALBINO JACKDAWS

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—There is now in this neighbourhood (in Sussex), and it has been here for some years,



A CHAR

an albino jackdaw. I have never before seen an albino jackdaw. Are they rare? Is albinism hereditary in birds?—J. P. BACON PHILLIPS.

[Albino jackdaws, although uncommon, are reported now and again. Albinism is certainly hereditary in birds, being, apparently, in most instances, due to a recessive factor, so that white individuals appear more frequently in inbred strains, as, to quote a wild instance, the hen-harriers of the Orkneys—which "throw white" periodically—and many strains of various species of cage birds.—ED.]

NATURE SOLVES A PROBLEM

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—We have heard much during recent years of the question of unsightly telegraph poles spoiling the beauties of the countryside, and I hope, therefore, that you will be interested in the enclosed picture of a telegraph pole situated near Maidstone. Always busy hiding and healing the scars on her face, Nature took a hand here and succeeded in completely covering the whole of the pole with a thick growth of ivy. It harmonises well with the surroundings, but, as the pole is still in use, it may, unfortunately, not be considered a practical proposition by the postal authorities.—F. G. OLIVER.

GOLDEN EAGLET AT SCOURIE, SUTHERLANDSHIRE

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—I was fortunate enough a short time ago to find an eagle's eyrie complete with eaglet. This youngster, of which I enclose a photograph, was only about three months old when I met him, and even at that age his expression, as I think you will agree, is hardly friendly, and it certainly made me wonder what his father and mother's attitude towards me would be should they unexpectedly return and discover my intrusion.

As a matter of fact, I had had no thoughts of eagles when I set out that morning with fishing-rod and camera in Sutherlandshire. As it happened, on this particular day the trout were "glued to the bottom." The scenery, of course, is simply magnificent—of that rugged grandeur and vastness that compel and hold one's admiration; and it was while, having forgotten the legendary trout, I was drinking it all in, that I noticed a projecting ledge of rock, a fair height above me, with a strange



AN UNFRIENDLY EYE

and unaccountable collection of sticks hanging over the side. Closer investigation suggested itself, and, with the trout now well in the background, I did a bit of mountaineering, and my miniature camera did the rest—but, if I remember correctly, I think I came down a good deal quicker than I went up.—ANGLER.

A SET OF INTERESTING WINE GOBLETs

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—A set of four wine goblets, two of silver-gilt and two of silver, have been presented to the Master and Wardens of the Innholders' Company by Mr. William Austin

Balls, to commemorate the admission of his daughter to the freedom of the Company. They have been designed by Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell, Lancaster Herald, drawn by Mr. G. Cobb, and made by Mr. Cecil Thomas.

The cups are adorned with the arms of the Company and the donor, and the rays which decorate the bowl and foot derive from the Company's crest. The cups are especially interesting as examples of modern design and craftsmanship. Both the form and ornament have been dictated by the use for which the cups are intended and the occasion of the gift.

The way in which the inscription is set round the rim in the form of a scroll is very attractive.

The inscription reads: "The gift of William Austin Balls, O.B.E., to commemorate the admission of Violet Clarissa Harriet his daughter to the Freedom of the Company, 5th January, 1937." Such an honour, which carries with it the freedom of the City of London, is but rarely conferred upon a woman.

The maker of the goblets, Mr. Cecil Thomas, is well known as the sculptor of Archbishop Davidson's monument in Canterbury Cathedral, and of the effigy of the Unknown Warrior in the Toc H Chapel.—J. G. N.



THE INNHOLDERS' ARMS



THE IVY'S ONE GOOD DEED

BLOODSTOCK NEWS

STALLIONS FOR STUD: THE ASCOT SALE

THE aftermath of the December Sales at Newmarket consisted chiefly in news of stallions. Mr. F. J. Barlow, who owns that successful sire, Sir Cosmo, has purchased Museum, who stood in Ireland last season, and for 1938 he will join Sir Cosmo at Mr. Barlow's Derisley Wood Stud in Newmarket. His fee has been fixed for 48sovs. and a guinea the groom. Cheap this, as he is a winner of the Irish Two Thousand Guineas, the Irish Derby, and the Irish St. Leger, and in this country scored in the Ebor Handicap—all good performances only equalled by his breeding. As his sire he claims Legatee, a son of Gay Crusader, and as his dam Solario's own-sister, Imagery, who is also the dam of Phideas, a winner of the Madrid Plate, the Irish Two Thousand Guineas and the Irish Derby last season. Breeders will welcome his Museum's importation into this country. Note also Major Rowley is standing the Derby winner, Mahmoud's half-brother, Pherozshah, at his Old Buckenham Stud, at Attleborough in Norfolk, at a fee of 24sovs. Bred, as his name suggests, by the Aga Khan, Pherozshah is a very much stronger-built horse than his more illustrious relation, and has the makings of a far more attractive stallion. Major Rowley has recently moved to the Old Buckenham Stud, and has added to it by purchasing the adjoining Winter Paddock Stud, that at one time belonged to Mr. Lionel Robinson. Last bit of news concerns the Greenham Plate winner, Fairford. This horse, who is by the St. Leger winner, Fairway, is out of that prolific winner-producing mare, Pallet Crag. Fairford's new home is at the Mondellihy Stud, Adare, Co. Limerick, Ireland. His owner is Commander FitzGerald. No fee for his services has yet been arranged.

A LARGE ATTENDANCE AT ASCOT

Ever since the introduction of pony-racing at Northolt Park, I have visualised filly ponies that have run there making future history as the dams of winners. Their pedigrees are the same as those of their bigger sisters that have earned fame under Jockey Club Rules. Their running at Northolt Park has been essentially due to lack of inches that handicapped them too severely with their higher relations. In the old days horses were handicapped according to height. The usual allowance was seven pounds to the inch. Heights were lower in those days. Horses of twelve hands in height were recognised. These were allotted a weight of 5st. Candidates that measured fifteen hands had 11st. to shoulder. These small mares bred "classic" winners. The world has changed a lot since then, but not so much as to lead one to believe that a small woman cannot bear as good a son or daughter as her bigger sister, or that a small female member of the equine race is not analogous. Vital statistics concerning the human race are outside my province. It is sufficient for me to know that Waffles, the dam of the Derby winner, Manna, and the St. Leger winner, Sandwich, was a small mare. Hyperion, who won the Derby and St. Leger of 1933, was not more than an inch over Pony Turf Club height.

I am stressing this purposely. The introduction of pony-racing at Northolt Park was very distasteful to some of the more orthodox of those that were breeding or racing under Jockey Club Rules. The "prejudice"—a word just as hard to explain as "fashionable"—in the bloodstock world was accentuated. Small mares were of no use for breeding. The verdict, for what it was worth, was issued. The sentence was duly promulgated. Goff's Sales, whether at Northolt Park or at the Royal Stables at Ascot, were likened unto the cheap-jack shops that abound in the bigger cities.

This feeling has continued until, thanks to better reasoning, there was a huge attendance at Ascot for the sale that was held

under the auspices of Messrs. Goff and the auctioneering of Captain Gerald Martin on Monday, December 13th. The weather was abominable. It did not merely rain. Water fell. Despite this, such enthusiasts in the bloodstock world as Mr. Herbert Rich, Major Stapleton-Bretherton, Major Greville-Williams, Mr. William Higgs, Mrs. George Lambton, Miss Norah Wilmot, Mr. J. J. Parkinson, Mr. Len Cundell, Mr. Fred Pratt, Mr. J. A. Dewar's stud-groom (Percy Shaw); the Italian buyer, Captain Gallina; Mr. Walton, buying for Denmark; and Count Zamovski, from Russia, were round the ring when Captain Martin began selling.

Feature lots of the sale were those offered by the Bearwood Stud, a bloodstock breeding establishment that has had a short but unfortunate career. First property was the four year old mare, Scotch Burn. By the French Derby and Grand Prix de Paris winner, Hotweed—sire of the French Derby winner, Pearlweed—she is out of Rosyth II, a half-sister to Scapa Flow, the dam of the St. Leger winner, Fairway, and the One Thousand Guineas winner, Fair Isle. In foal to Colorado Kid, she was bid for principally by Mrs. Denton Carlisle and Mr. J. A. Dewar's stud-groom, Percy Shaw. Mrs. Carlisle got a bargain at 290gs., and must have realised it when Mr. Fred Hoole of the well known Alvediston Stud went to 130gs. for her charming black filly foal by Figaro. This lot will probably figure as a yearling in next year's Doncaster catalogue. Small prices followed these. Mrs. Carlisle was then again in the market for the French-bred mare, Marqueterie, who is by La Fayette and has been successfully mated with Gainsborough's son, Jesmond Dene. The price was 200gs. Soon after, the Italian buyer, Captain Gallina, bought a neat quality filly foal by Blandford's son, Royal Dancer, from Lu, for 120gs.; and, to add to the purchases of the "foreigners," Count Zamovski, from Russia, disbursed 55gs. for the five year old Flamingo mare, Goldfinch, who is carrying a foal by Rameses II. Between these Miss Keyser had paid 310gs. for the French-bred mare, Qu'en Dire, who seems certain in foal to Limelight; and Mr. Herbert Smyth had given 110gs. for her bay filly foal by Gold Bridge, the first of this horse's stock that I have really looked over. Good advertisement for him. Such astute buyers as Mr. Len Cundell, Mr. Herbert Rich, and Percy Shaw were competing for the five year old mare, Bona Dea. By Obliterate, she goes back to the unbeaten mare, Quintessance, and is in foal to Cameronian. Mr. Cundell bought her for 360gs., and Captain Gallina took her filly foal by Royal Dancer for export to Italy, at 115gs. The same buyer for the same country paid 810gs. for



CAPT. GERALD MARTIN
The auctioneer at Ascot

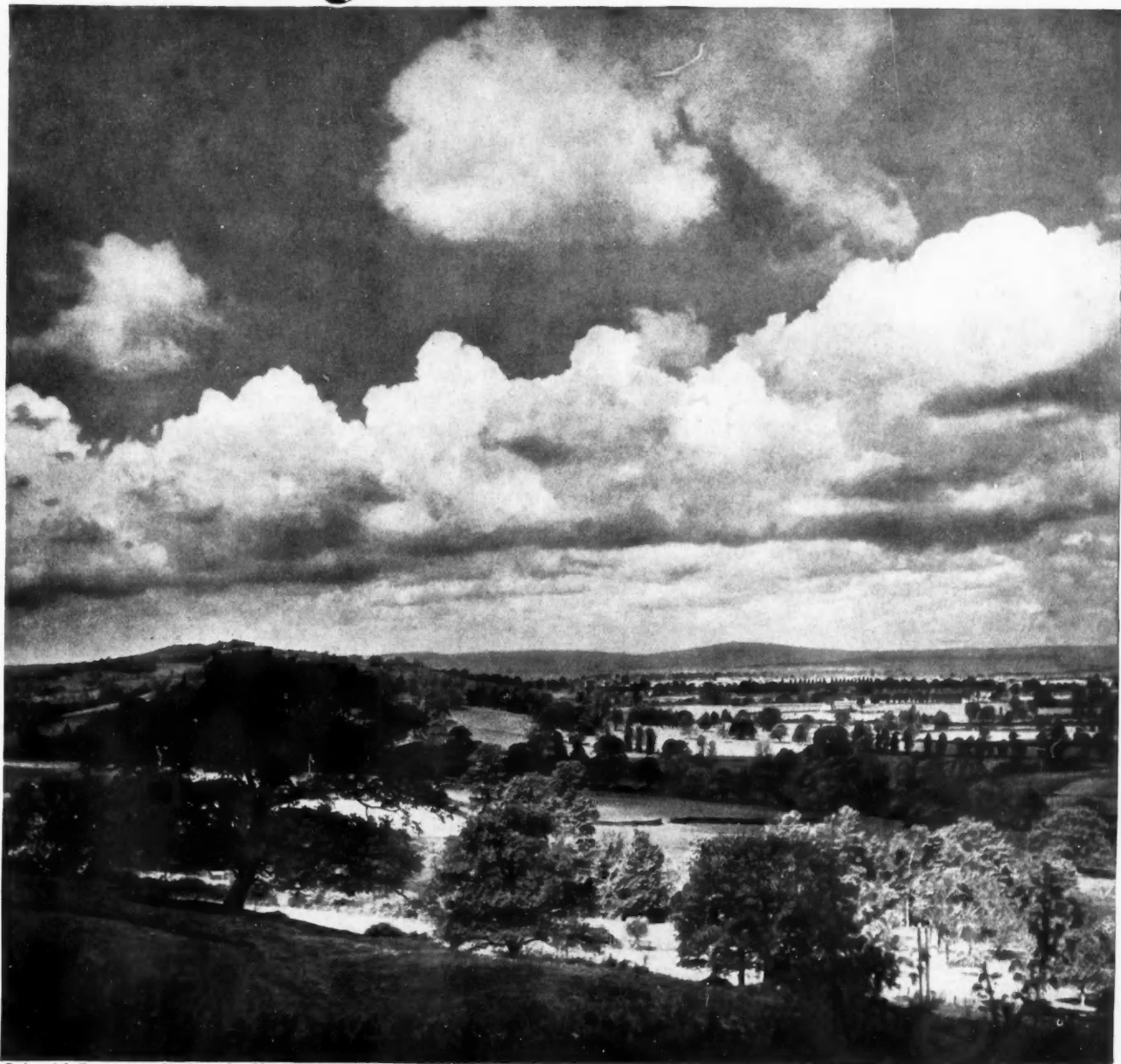
Diamond Wedding, a daughter of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Diophon, that descends in tail female lineage from St. Louis' dam, Princess Sterling, and is in foal to the Derby and St. Leger winner, Coronach. Mrs. George Lambton was here the under-bidder.

Other buyers were Major Greville-Williams, who took Pharos' daughter, Lady Eliza, who has been successfully mated with Rameses II, at 220gs.; and Mr. J. A. Dewar, who became the new owner of the six year old Flamingo mare, Lady Jemima, at 230gs. Last big sale was that of Khara to Mrs. Nagle for 460gs. A daughter of the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Clarissimus, this mare is in foal to Royal Dancer, and was a cheap purchase. Total aggregate for the twenty-five mares sold was 4,406gs. The total for the eleven foals was 1,164gs. There were other lots besides those from the Bearwood Stud, but they were more of the ordinary order, and need not come into note in an article intended to show the possibilities of what is generally known as the "pony market."



IN THE RING AT THE ASCOT SALE

This England . . .



Painswick Beacon on the Stroud—Glos.



THE seeming accident of hedge and bank, of lonely tree or sudden copse, does much for the careless beauty of our English landscape. Yet 'tis by no accident that they are there; they are reservoirs of water for our rich earth. But, quotha, surely we have enough day by day in this rain-swept isle? Too much, indeed, and for that it must be held, else would it lift the tilled soil into streams and rivers, making flood, disaster and loss. Like many good things in the English life, they are so familiar that their essential service is unheeded. No sudden invention this—it "came about" in the course of centuries (like your Worthington, another daily servitor of your good).

THE ESTATE MARKET

A CLUB SOLD: A CASTLE TO BE LET

THE picture of the dining-room at Stanmer Park, appearing to-day, is a reminder that the Sussex seat, referred to at some length a week ago, is to be let furnished by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, on behalf of the Earl of Chichester.

ST. BRIAVEL'S CASTLE: LETTING

A MEDIEVAL castle in the Forest of Dean is to be let by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, furnished or unfurnished. St. Briavel's stands 800ft. above sea level and between the valleys of the Wye and Severn, commanding views that extend from the Cotswolds to the Welsh mountains. For many years it was held by a Constable, who usually combined the office with that of Warden of the Forest of Dean. Among the later Constables was the Earl of Warwick, who was killed when Edward IV defeated the Lancastrians at Barnet. To strengthen his claim to the lands confiscated from the family, the King procured an Order in Council declaring that the heiress, Anne of Warwick, should be deemed to be dead. This Order was annulled sixteen years later, and Henry VII persuaded her to grant to him and his successors the lands that had been held by her father, and St. Briavel's is still Crown property. The Castle was built in 1276, but occupies the site of a still earlier structure said to have been built by Milo Fitzwalter in the eleventh century.

The sale of a Cornish estate is reported by Messrs. Fox and Sons, for private occupation. It is Ogbear Hall, Launceston. The sale includes the sixteenth-century residence, the home farm, and woodland, a total of 336 acres. The agents had divided the estate into seventeen lots, and this transaction included fourteen of the lots, the auction proving unnecessary. Messrs. Constable and Maude were associated in the sale.

Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., has instructed Messrs. Hampton and Sons to let Breamore House, on the border of Hampshire and Wiltshire, with 3,500 acres of shooting, for a term of years. Breamore was seven times mentioned in Domesday, and the church is Saxon. Breamore House dates from 1572, and is a gabled structure which suffered severely from a fire many years ago. The Rookery, a Georgian house on the estate, is likewise to be let.

Allways, a small house at Glatton, Huntingdonshire, has been sold by Messrs. J. Carter Jonas and Sons for Mr. Beverley Nichols.

Sir John Donald Horsfall, Bt., has ordered Messrs. H. Lidington and Co. to sell, by private treaty or by auction, Hayfield, at Glusburn, midway between Keighley and Colne, about 1,200 acres. The property includes Hayfield Hall, seventeen farms, twenty-five cottages, and a small area of woodland. The properties have recently been the subject of considerable expenditure. Sir Donald Horsfall is retaining most of his smaller properties.

THE NEW UNIVERSITY CLUB: £100,000

THE New University Club's freehold premises, No. 57, St. James's Street, have been sold for £100,000, pursuant to a resolution of the members at an extraordinary general meeting. The Club will retain possession of the premises until Midsummer. The New University Club was established in the year 1864, and its existence will not be terminated by the sale of the premises, as an amalgamation with another club connected with the Universities is under favourable consideration. The site has a long frontage to St. James's Street and extends through to Arlington Street. Mr. R. Collingwood Drinkwater, the

secretary to the New University Club, has been appointed secretary of the Oxford and Cambridge University Club, in succession to Major W. F. Jeffries, D.S.O., who becomes secretary of the Junior Carlton Club, Vice-Admiral A. J. Davies, C.B., retiring from the last-named position.

Sir Frederick Leith Ross has bought, from Mrs. Claude Beddington, the freehold in Arkwright Road, Hampstead, known as Arkwright Lodge, a mansion adapted for entertaining on a large scale.

Acting for the Government of Canada, Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff lately sold No. 16, Maida Vale, where Mr. Walter Allward worked on his designs for Vimy Ridge War Memorial, the property having been acquired for this purpose on account of the very large studio which it contains in the south-east wing. The studio was used in the 'eighties by Sir Alfred Gilbert, and some of his famous parties were held there. The property is once more used as a private residence and studio, the purchaser having been Sir William Reid Dick, R.A. It is held on a fifty-four years' lease, and has a site of 25,300 sq. ft. In conjunction with Messrs. Allsop and Co., Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff have sold, on behalf of Sir William Reid Dick, the freehold residence, No. 31, Grove End Road, a very fine studio with a lift for sculptures. The purchaser is another Royal Academician.

No. 2, Chesham Place, and flats in a new block at Lowndes Square and elsewhere, have been disposed of by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons.

AN EASTBOURNE OPPORTUNITY

SIR WILLIAM COLLINS, K.C.V.O., has decided to dispose of Meads End, his beautiful Eastbourne house. It stands on rising ground in Duke's Drive, on the sea front. During twenty years' occupation of the property Sir William Collins has spent a large sum in enlarging and thoroughly modernising the house, and installing an electric passenger lift. The freehold represents an outlay of fully £10,000. Messrs. Elliott, Son and Boyton can negotiate a sale on the basis of much less than that sum. Sir William Collins is regretfully parting with his Eastbourne house because he can no longer enjoy living in it, as it was so closely identified with his happy years there with the late Lady Collins.

Sussex sales by Messrs. Wyatt and Son include (with Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices), for Mrs. Hanbury Willans, a modernised Tudor farmhouse known as Woodmancote Grange, Woodmancote, at the foot of the South Downs; and (alone) Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson's property, Old House, in the village of Singleton, under the brow of Trundle Hill, so familiar to racegoers at Goodwood. This moderately sized residence in the traditional Sussex brick

and flint style, with mellowed tiled roof, and standing in 3 acres, found a ready purchaser, who wishes to find a tenant for the property until he returns from India three years hence.

Jenkyn Place, Bentley, a Queen Anne residence, has been sold to the Hon. Mrs. John Lawson, who was represented by Messrs. Curtis and Henson. Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons effected this sale, and those of Ardenholme, Grafton, and Highdene, Guildford; and Beverley, Fleet; also East End Farm, Seale, a sixteenth-century farmhouse with 7 acres: they acted as to some of the sales with other firms.

LIFTON PARK, LAUNCESTON

COMMANDER BRADSHAW has requested Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley to let Lifton Park, furnished, for any period up to seven years. Near Launceston, on the border of Devon and Cornwall, it is a fine sporting estate. The house, of moderate size, stands in the Tamar Valley, 300ft. above sea level. It is surrounded by lovely gardens and a richly timbered park. Shooting is over some 5,000 acres, about 400 of which are woodland. The salmon fishing is principally in the Tamar and Lynd, with trout fishing in three other streams, the whole extending to about ten miles. There are hunting with several packs of foxhounds, and golf at Tavistock, Yelverton and Bude.

Sales by Messrs. George Trollope and Sons include the freehold Bushey Heath Clinic, with the equipment, to Middlesex County Council, Messrs. Nicholas acting for the authority; and Ascot Hill, Ascot, a modernised residence and 5 acres (the latter to a client of Messrs. Chancellors).

Messrs. Nicholas have sold Blackbrooke, Monmouthshire, an old Georgian mansion in a park, with woodland, in all 220 acres.

Sales by Messrs. Messenger and Morgan's Guildford office include 15 acres at the foot of the Devil's Punch-bowl, Hindhead, with five cottages. This land is entirely surrounded by National Trust property; and 6 acres, near the centre of Guildford, for industrial purposes. Other recent sales include The Hollies, Guildford, a modern residence (with Messrs. A. Savill and Sons); Red Cottage, The Great Quarry, Guildford (with Messrs. Wallis and Wallis); Oak Cottage, Bramley, half an acre; Riseholme, St. Omer Ridge, Guildford, a modern house near the centre of the town, with about 1½ acres; Douera, Cranleigh, 2½ acres (with Messrs. Crowe, Bates and Weekes); Stirling Barton, a new residence on what was originally part of the Earl of Onslow's estate; and cottages at Odiham with 1 acre, which are being restored.

Tiddington House and 12 acres, at Wheatley, have been purchased by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for a client. Messrs.

Haslam and Sons acted for the vendors. The property is in a good hunting country near Oxford and Thame.

Alderwasley Hall, near Derby, is for sale privately. Of the origin of the present mansion little or nothing is known. The large addition in red sandstone on the west side was erected by Francis Edward Hurt, about 1840; and the porch, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A., was added in 1845. The house has been modernised. The park contains forty fallow deer, and there still remain one or two of the herd of black sheep imported by an early member of the Hurt family. The land adjoins National Trust areas. The agents are Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.

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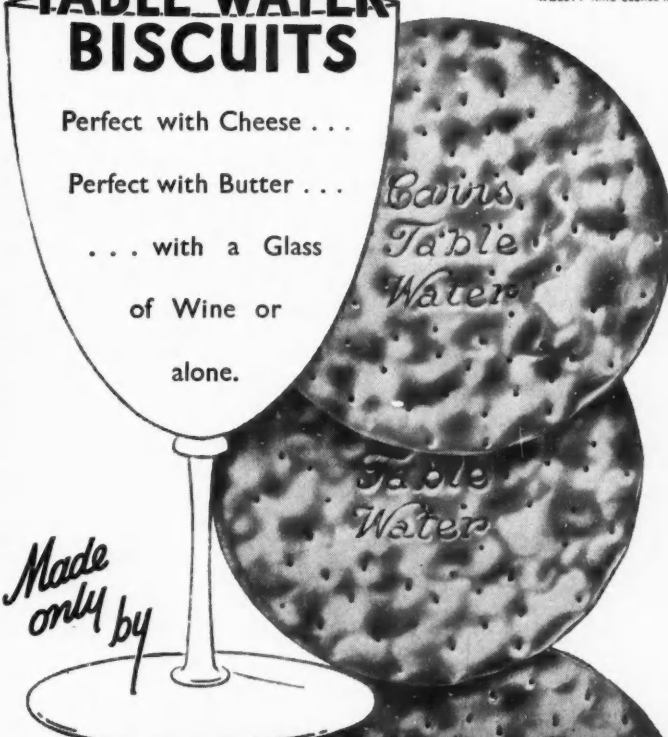
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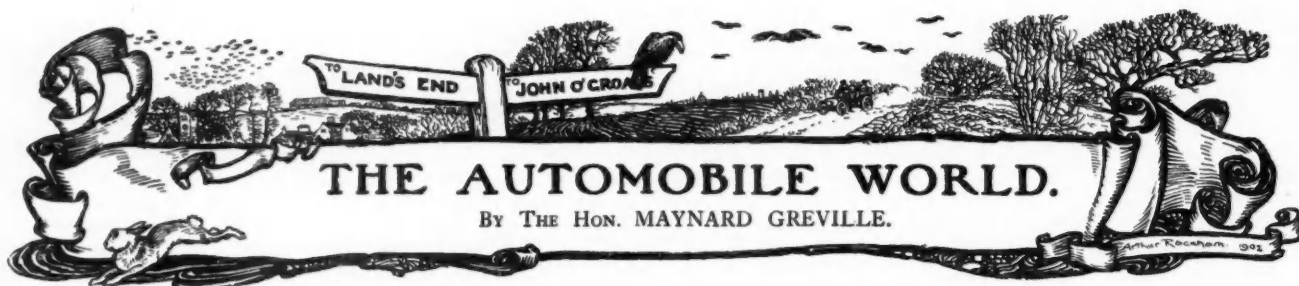
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THE AUTOMOBILE WORLD.

BY THE HON. MAYNARD GREVILLE.

CRUISING SPEEDS

LAST week I mentioned, during the course of my article on the new type of car test that I shall be starting in COUNTRY LIFE, that, although I did not think the maximum speed figure of a car of real importance to-day, as acceleration was of far greater value, yet at the same time it had a certain interest, as, generally speaking, the normal cruising speed of a car was about 70 to 75 per cent. of its maximum figure.

At the present time there are very few cars made in this country that could stand for long being driven at their maximum speed, and if in time we get special roads on the German lines made in this country, at first we are certain to have many cars in trouble through being driven all out for prolonged periods. When the new roads were first opened in Germany, this was noticed in a very marked manner. The German driver, revelling in the possibility of being able to go "flat out" for mile after mile with his foot pressed hard on to the floorboard, soon found, however, that the engine did not like this treatment at all. Since then, I am told, he has learnt wisdom, and does not drive his car all out for the whole time; but if we should ever get roads of this type in this country, the same thing will probably occur.

The modern car, under existing road conditions in most countries, is only driven at its maximum for comparatively short periods, and the design of a car for these conditions is quite different from one which would be designed to keep up its maximum speed for hours at a time. In Germany, I believe, the famous firm of Mercedes Benz have produced a vehicle which is specially designed for this purpose, and, with their complete racing experience, there can be no one who is more qualified to do it. To produce a car of this type at the present time in this country, however, is not necessary, as road conditions never permit of more than a few miles at maximum speed.

All sorts of things happen to an engine that is driven at its maximum for a long time.

In the first place, the lubrication system is likely to give trouble—or, rather, the system itself does not give trouble, but may prove inadequate for its job.

Oil temperatures on the ordinary engine will increase steadily when long bursts of "all out" driving are indulged in, and in time there will probably be a failure, in a big-end or a main bearing due to inadequate lubrication. The oil will get thinner and thinner as it gets hotter and hotter, and a bearing which, under normal give-and-take conditions in this country, would give no trouble at all, will fail when stressed to its maximum for long periods.

So far as the car built for road conditions in this country is concerned, its engine will be found to be perfectly adequate for its work here; but if the road conditions should change for the better during the next few years, then there is no doubt that engine design will have to be reviewed.

For the same reason, the sort of driver who is all out whenever conditions permit will undoubtedly not get the same amount of wear out of his car as will the careful man who generally drives well within the capacity of his engine and only indulges in the absolute maximum when he is really in a hurry. It is for this reason that the car with the large engine generally stands up to work better than the one with the smaller power unit, as the former is very seldom stressed to its maximum point, while the temptation to drive the latter all out is far greater.

A car, if driven within about 75 per cent. of its capacity, will last far longer than a similar car which is always stressed to its maximum, and this is often why two different drivers will get very different results with the same type of car.

There are certain drivers who are always complaining about their cars and always getting into mechanical trouble, and, if one drives with them for a few minutes, one can soon see the reason why this should be the case.

For those who wish to get the maximum wear out of their car, there is only one golden

rule, which is: always drive well within the capacity of the engine. I am afraid that I treat my own car in a very different way to the cars that I have out on test. As far as my own car is concerned, I drive it well within its capacity; but with cars that I have to test I not only have to ascertain their maximum performance, but also try to find out any weaknesses. There is nothing that will do this better than sustained maximum speed.

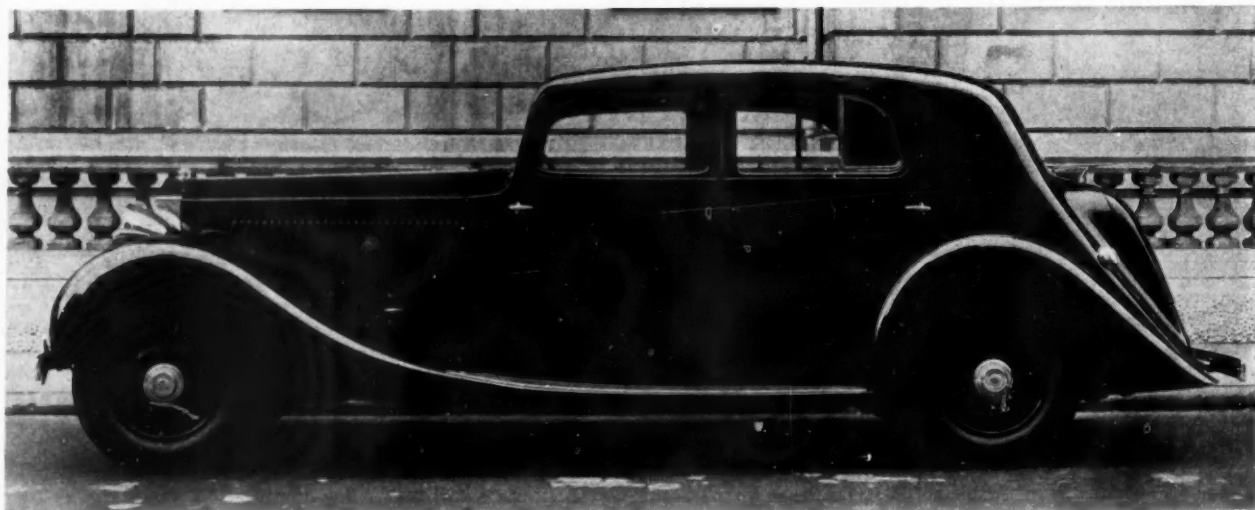
MOTOR LAWS

A BOOKLET of considerable value to motorists has been issued by the Royal Automobile Club under the title of "Motor Laws." It is a summary in simple language of the various Acts of Parliament and Regulations relating to the use of private motor vehicles.

It commences with the legal definitions of such things as a motor car, a trailer, and so forth, and then goes on to deal with the registration and payment of duty, and all that is involved in these obligations. Driving licences form the next chapter, and this includes the new regulations which have recently come into operation. Also included are the new Construction and Use Regulations, the various offences under the Road Traffic Acts, Compulsory Insurance, the lighting of vehicles, including anti-dazzle, parking places, the storage of petrol and fire extinguishers in private garages.

This booklet is available free of charge to members on personal application, or through the post on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. To non-members of the Club the price is 3d. and postage 1½d.

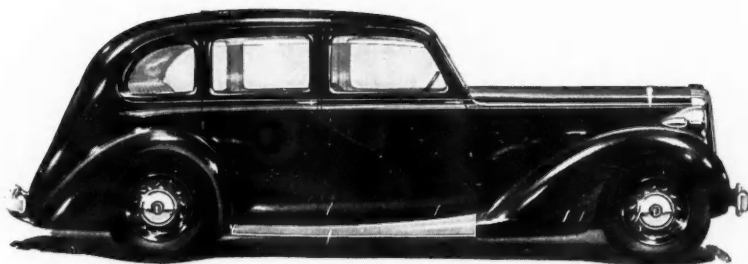
Another handbook which is of great value to those who want to keep abreast of the times with regard to motor law, is "The Law of the Road," published at 1s. by British Data Service. For those who require the most complete information there is finally "General Statutes and Regulations on Road Traffic Law," by James McConnach, the Chief Constable of Aberdeen City Police, published by John Avery and Co., Ltd.



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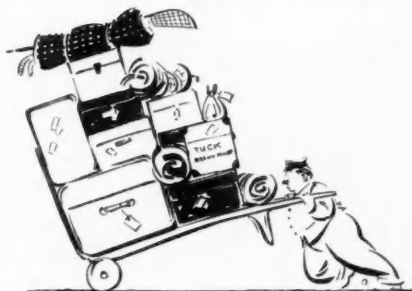
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PEACEFUL PORTUGAL

WHILE Spain is aflame, Portugal has found her soul and is quietly pursuing a destiny of constructive development. The genius of her restoration is, without doubt, Oliveira Salazar, President of Council and Minister of Finance. When Marshal Carmona was called to power as President of the Republic, the national finances were in disorder, the treasury empty, the Army ill equipped; food was at a premium, discontent was rife, and bombs were the people's constant protest. His first act was to summon this quiet recluse, this professor of mathematics, from Coimbra University, to aid in the reorganisation of the State. Neither a Hitler nor a Mussolini, Salazar is an intellectual who is proving that a theory can undoubtedly become reality. "A Marcus Aurelius without drum or trumpet," as a Frenchman once described him.

Whichever way one enters Portugal it seems a land of promise, but perhaps its most bountiful aspect is seen on the usual approach *via* Lisbon and the Tagus. Tradition attributes the origin of the city to Ulysses, and it would seem he bequeathed the spirit of his Odyssey to this race, a breed of men who voyaged to the farthest ends of the earth. An inseparable trinity is associated with the city and the "royal village" of Belem: Vasco da Gama, Camoens, and St. Anthony, who died at Padua—the adventurer, the poet, and the saint—all fired by the same vital spark and high purpose to carry Portugal's name far and wide.

Portugal is a country that, in its promise of interest and climate, is rapidly proving to be one of the holiday grounds of Europe. Tempted by the consideration of exchange, the cheapness of living—one can live comfortably for 6s. 6d. a day at many of the hotels—visitors are seeking in its sunshine, its winter resorts, the autumnal beauty of the vintage season, its excellent roads winding among hills covered with pine, blazing with heather, gorse, mimosa, the enchantment of the superb mediæval abbeys, castles and old towns, the rest and enjoyment offered them.

If the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were the apex of Portugal's maritime grandeur and power, those centuries also saw the birth of a great architectural development, resulting in the famous monasteries and fortress churches of an unsurpassed magnificence and richness. The oldest architecture, the mediæval and the Romanesque, are found in the north. There is also the twelfth century Cistercian



GRAPES EN ROUTE TO THE WINE PRESS



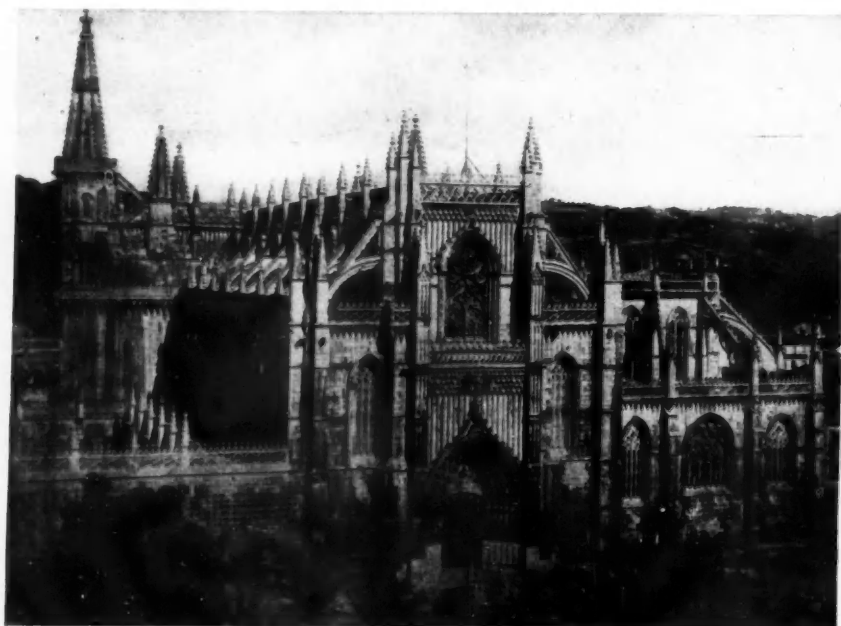
THE CONVENT CLOISTERS, BELEM

Gothic, while most interesting examples of the influence of the Christian East are seen in the Fortress and Church of the Knights Templars at Tomar. One of the Seven

Wonders of Portugal, it is typical of the exuberant Manueline architecture, associated with the reign of King Manuel in 1495, a blend of Gothic, Early Renaissance, Moorish, and Hindu. Indescribably intricate and daring, the decorative elements of armillary spheres, crosses, sails and cables symbolise a maritime people, proud of their conquests and nursing strange visions.

Northward lie the historic shrines of Batalha, the "Monastery of the battle," and Alcobaca. Both were built as the result of vows, an offering to Heaven in thanks for victories. Erected six centuries ago, Batalha is one of the supreme examples of Gothic architecture in existence, and rarely has such an example attained serenely heights. Alcobaca, the other great monastery, is the sepulchre of the kings and of the Unknown Soldier. The most interesting objects here, apart from the general aspect of the interior, are the tombs of Don Pedro and his beautiful mistress, Ines de Castro. She was murdered by order of the King, who feared, so infatuated was his son with her, that he would never marry while she lived. Don Pedro, in awful despair, rose against him, laid waste the whole province, and, on his accession to the throne two years later, reaped a ghastly vengeance upon the nobles who had caused her death. He had the body disinterred, robbed as his queen, crowned in this cathedral, and forced the murderers to kiss the hand of their victim, and then put them to death. This faithful lover and king was buried foot to foot with his beloved, so that when the last great summons came the first object his eyes would rest upon would be his beloved.

Bussaco, lying on the hills above, is one of the loveliest places in Europe. It is now a sumptuous hotel. Originally a tiny Trappist monastery of the sixteenth century, it was occupied by the British troops in the Peninsular War, and the cloisters still exist. Bussaco, like Nikko in Japan, is unique in its glorious solitude of great woods. The winding path to the summit, with its little shrines, is a beauty mingled with pathos at the memory of the generations of mute brothers who created this *Via Sacra*. What astonishment must have been theirs when their holy solitude was broken by the legions under Wellington, and their ears, deaf to all sounds but that of the vesper bell, heard the roar of the great battle fought on Bussaco's Iron Ridge, one of the most glorious episodes in the history of the British Army! The poor monks were eaten out of house and home by the troops; but the unworldly Prior, too proud to accept Wellington's offer of payment, replied that all he wanted was peace. And, indeed, peace and a quiet beauty are the keynotes to-day of this pleasant land. WINIFRED GORDON.



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GARDEN NOTES

OF all the larger-leaved rhododendrons there is no doubt that *R. fictolacteum* is certainly the best for cold gardens. There is nothing in its habitat that would lead us to suppose that it would not only survive but flourish in our east coast climate, where most other large-leaved species hang on by the skin of their teeth, for it comes from South-west Szechuan and the Mekong-Salween divide in Yunnan, typical rhododendron country. Yet this very lovely creamy white flower with its crimson basal blotch appears year after year with great regularity. Probably the reason is that it flowers and comes into growth moderately late for a large-leaved species, not too early to be cut by normal spring frosts, and not so late that its young wood is not ripened before autumn sets in.

The accompanying illustration shows typical blooms on the east coast of Scotland, part of seventy-two trusses on a plant 9ft. high. One advantage of *R. fictolacteum* is that it flowers at a younger state than others of the Falconeri series. On the whole, it is a very accommodating plant, with no great objection to moderate sun and a dry situation so long as it is well sheltered from cold winds. It is really worth growing in colder gardens.

E. H. M. Cox.



RHODODENDRON FICTOLACTEUM, ONE OF THE MOST DESIRABLE OF THE LARGE-LEAVED SPECIES

A HANDSOME CLEMATIS

THE magnificent New Zealand Clematis *Armandii* is well known in the south, but its reputation for tenderness is such that it is rarely planted north of London. The accompanying illustration shows how groundless is this reputation, for it shows two plants growing in my garden in eastern Perthshire, where it flowers year after year with the greatest freedom. Although half-ripened wood is sometimes cut, it does not seem to damage the plant in any way.

The truth is—with this climber as well as with so many other shrubs with a doubtful reputation—that they will grow in the north, and flourish, but only under certain conditions. First is undoubtedly the necessity of full sun. In wet years we often have no autumn to speak of; there is little or no definite break between summer and winter, with the consequence that shrubs or climbers that continue growing until very late in the summer have very little chance of having their wood ripened unless they are growing in full sun. Another factor, of course, which helps, is a brick wall at their back, which certainly radiates heat. Apart from the clematis we have a number of shrubs which are supposedly tender growing on this wall, all in full sun, and all of them survive even the hardest winters. Among them are *Carpentaria californica* and *Feijoa Sellowiana*.

E. C.

A HANDBOOK ON PLANT BREEDING

Practical Plant Breeding, by W. J. C. Lawrence. (Allen and Unwin, ss. 6d.)

THE want of a simple, clear and practical introduction to the scientific principles and methods of plant breeding has long been felt in gardening literature, and the excellent account by Mr. Lawrence, who is Curator of the John Innes Horticultural Institution at Merton, meets the need in every way. No one is more qualified than the author to deal with this subject from the standpoint and requirements of the practical gardener, and he has, as Sir Daniel Hall remarks in his Foreword, provided a sound and concise guide not only to the principles underlying plant genetics, but also "to both the technique and the procedure which constitute the working equipment of the plant breeder." The

raising of new varieties of plants is one of the most fascinating pursuits, and the gardener or nurseryman engaged in the production of new plants, or the student embarking on plant breeding, could have no better mentor than Mr. Lawrence. He covers every aspect of the subject, describing in the simplest language such matters as the laws and mechanism of Inheritance, Sterility, Pollination and Fertilisation, and the methods and results of plant improvement; and in the mass of illuminating detail, the novice will find everything he needs to know. It is not the easiest of subjects to translate into popular and easily understandable language, but Mr. Lawrence has performed his task with notable success, and provided an admirable and eminently readable handbook that will prove as useful to students as to the practical gardener and nurseryman who want to obtain a good working knowledge of the principles and technique of plant breeding.

T.

The Establishment and Care of Fine Turf for Lawns and Sports Grounds, by David Clouston, M.A., D.Sc. (D. Wyllie and Sons, Aberdeen, 2s. 6d.)

THOSE who are interested in the upkeep of lawns, the production of good turf, and the management and renovation of sports grounds, will find this booklet a thoroughly sound and eminently practical manual on the subject. It can be confidently recommended to all groundsmen, as well as to those for whom the upkeep of a lawn is a hobby and not a profession. It covers every aspect of the subject, from the making of a new lawn from seed, choice of grasses for different purposes and situations, the application of manures and mechanical treatment of the turf, to the causes of turf deterioration, such as weeds, insect pests and fungus diseases; and the remedial measures to be employed for their prevention and control. Scientific research has done much of late years to help the gardener in his efforts to produce clean and healthy grass and improve the quality of his turf, and Dr. Clouston has been at pains to enumerate recent discoveries and discuss their practical application, especially the effect of sulphate of ammonia and the acid theory which has come into prominence of late. The text is supplemented by many excellent illustrations of weeds and grasses which should be a valuable aid to identification and do much to enhance the value of an extremely clear and valuable guide.

T.

Chrysanthemums of Japan, by Teizo Niwa. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

THE keen grower of chrysanthemums will welcome this comprehensive and authoritative study of chrysanthemums in Japan, which has been compiled by the Professor of Floriculture and Landscape Gardening at Tokyo Imperial University. Based upon several years of study, observation and experience, and dealing with more than a hundred different varieties, it fills the current demand for a reliable reference book on the subject, and introduces to the specialist in chrysanthemums in Europe and America certain varieties of the flower peculiar to Japan. The bulk of the book is devoted to a morphological description of each species, single and double flowered forms, pompons and quilled types, and in a detailed account of the physical and chemical properties of the chrysanthemum the description of its native culture will be found invaluable by those who take a keen interest in chrysanthemum growing, for it is an aspect of the subject that has not yet been touched upon by any scientific worker. It is essentially a specialist's book, and a notable addition to the literature on the flower.



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THE LADIES' FIELD



Tunbridge

Christmas in the snow—and in a warm and cheerful ocelot fur coat. Notice the squared sleeves and the revers which narrow right down to the hem. Peter Robinson's have it.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR

YOUNG women to-day are often told by their aunts and grandmothers that they do not know how to sit or stand—that they are always “slouching.” In fact, the fashionable carriage has changed, just as the fashionable figure has. When we walk, we do not try to achieve a “Grecian bend”; when we sit, we mostly cross our legs and huddle our shoulders. A famous dress-designer described the perfect modern figure as having “legs beginning just under the chin”—and, though it sounds a bit surrealist, it is very expressive. Long legs, long arms, long neck, square shoulders, a rather concave look—these are the qualities of a modern figure, as you may see from any fashion drawing. And clothes are designed to suit this type of figure and carriage. Skirts that fall becomingly when the wearer is “slouching” in her chair, but do not hamper her when she is walking with the kind of gangling grace we most admire; sleeves that square the shoulders; high, plain necklines which make her neck look longer: these are the points of a becoming dinner dress this winter. You may see them all in the frock shown below. It is made of black crease-resisting velvet; it has the high neck and long sleeves which make it both fashionable and comfortable. A round pearl buckle adorns one side of the neck. This is a very useful dress for country-house week-ends. No packing will crease it; it is very warm, and eminently suitable. It is also becoming for the middle-aged as well as the young. It comes from Miss Lucy, 9, Harewood Place, W.1.

IDEAS FROM HOME AND ABROAD

If you are getting tired of your winter wardrobe and want a new frock or coat to enliven it, or if you are travelling or cruising, a good opportunity to get some unusual clothes at very moderate prices is offered by Liberty's sale, which starts next Wednesday and goes on for a month. For anyone going on a cruise, their

dresses in hand-printed crêpe de Chine, in plain and printed linens, piqué, printed sunbeam, and many other materials, would be a good buy; so would their crêpe de Chine and shot taffeta dinner-gowns, and their dress-lengths in printed cottons and linens, and dyed and printed tussorees. If you are staying at home, but want to console yourself for the fact by buying some new clothes, Liberty's evening gowns in sunbeam velvet, their coats and three-piece suits in tweed, their dressing-gowns in padded silks or light-weight printed materials, are all worth investigating. So are their children's frocks and party capes.

A PROPHECIC COLLECTION

A very good idea of things to come in next year's fashions was given by Jaeger's advance 1938 collection, shown last week. Their beach and cruising clothes particularly were full of original ideas; beach dungarees in towelling, for instance, and linen tennis frocks made in two lengths, above or below the knee, trimmed with drawn thread work; and linen slacks for cruising, in unusual dusty colours—pink and lavender and blue. Pink was a favourite colour for cruising wear; there was a rose pink pleated linen skirt with a matching jersey, and a pink backless frock and jacket, the dress in plain linen, the jacket striped. Among their ideas for spring wear in England were: tailored flannel frocks, bright in colour and severe in cut; tiny sleeveless boleros in flannel to go over dark frocks; suits with tight-fitting jackets reaching to just below the waist, some dipping at the back; cummerbunds of twisted suède, three or four bright colours together, lovely with a plain jersey and skirt or frock; camel-hair in two colours making box jackets; a hat with a motor veil, Edwardian style; a coat with link buttons, so arranged that you can have either kind outside and make it look like a different coat.

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THE DINING-ROOM AT "BRON-Y-DE"

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE AT HOME

This is the subject of a Fully Illustrated Article in the January issue of "HOMES AND GARDENS." Special permission was given for the series of photographs to be taken of the distinguished statesman's house at Churt, and these possess a double interest—as records of an unusual house in a lovely woodland setting, and as the home background of a magnetic personality.

OTHER FEATURES OF THE ISSUE include articles on the following—

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